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Quarterly Review

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
AT WORCESTER

Quarterly Review

Volume 7

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Number 1

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The Quarterly Review

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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CHRISTINE FLYNN, '43

DALE ANDERSEN, '41
AUGUSTA COPPER, '42
ESTHER LIPNICK, '43
RUTH MCCURN, '43

Faculty Adviser

MISS ANNABEL C. ROE

Editorial

Changes

THERE IS a type of beauty that makes us worship with an awe peculiar to its kind. It is the beauty of clouds which rush like white ghosts across a midnight blue sky on a moonlight night. It is the gold and fire of leaves on a fan-shaped maple before the actual destruction of fall begins. It is the poignant beauty of change, which makes us stand and hold our breath, and gaze and gaze to fill our eyes and minds before it is gone. Change is inevitable in all other fields, as well as in beauty. In some of these fields we are saddened, as when old friends, or even our pet dogs, get old too quickly. In other fields we look forward to the change as welcome progress built upon and made possible by strong, well-cherished foundations.

Thus we regard the many changes which have been put into effect in our College this year, when we understand the motives underlying these inroads in our beloved traditions.

We have two new faculty members who have brought not only new personalities to the school but new policies to their departments. Miss Margaret Clark has come to us from a teaching position in New Jersey. She believes that the physical education program should meet the individual and group health needs, both in college and out, and that every available facility should be utilized to the best possible advantage. To carry out her ideas she has begun to organize a women's athletic association, for carrying on an intramural program. She has added soccer, hockey, and tennis to the college sports, and bowling, hiking, riding, and golf, to the individual program. She feels that leadership as a personality trait and a teaching asset will be developed by practice in guiding group activity. The technique course in actually coaching the college sports will train leaders.

The underclassmen have the opportunity to make their sports an important part of their college career, and to receive recognition for their work, which should be advantageous in acquiring teacher-coaching positions. Many seniors, however, regret that the interests and activities for their last year were so largely determined beforehand that their programs cannot be adjusted to permit as much participation as they would like.

Our other new faculty member, Miss Shaw, has had a wide experience in art, including study at Clark, Boston University, the University of California, and in Europe. In 1935, she was one of twenty in the United States to attain the Carnegie Fellowship to study at The Harvard University Summer Session.

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"My chief aim," said Miss Shaw, "aside from the courses given, is to establish an art department as a working laboratory where students interested in personal expression can come to work out their ideas."

One interesting phase of Miss Shaw's career is the time she spent as curator of the Children's Museum, when she added many well-known artists and sculptors to her personal friends. She has made arrangements with the Worcester Art Museum for new material to be sent to the College every Friday, in order that students who have no time to visit museums may take advantage of the art which the city has to offer. The work of improving the students' room with pleasing color, attractive furniture, and restful comfort is being carried on by the art department. Miss Shaw's enthusiasm for her work finds embodiment in her own words, "I've got to have development."

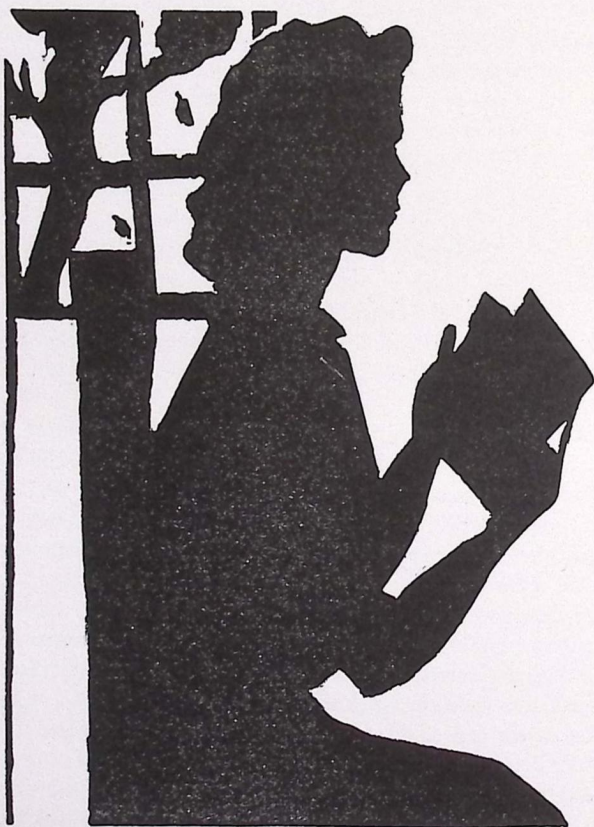
Changes in the administration have been widely discussed among the students. Pres. Carpenter has several very definite views. He believes that as new faculty members come to the school it is the President's duty to make it possible for them to administer their departments as much as possible in accordance with their own ideas and policies. He also believes that the students should have as much to say as possible in all school affairs which come within their spheres. He wishes students to be members of all committees, and has evidenced this in his organization of committees to have charge of assemblies, welfare of the building, financing of school activities, and cafeteria management. Further, he wishes students to have as rich a social program as possible. Therefore, the social calendar and social events are planned by students.

This in no way lessens his interest in teaching and in the work of various courses. Many people have thought that Mr. Carpenter would like to shift the emphasis from secondary education to elementary education. Mr. Carpenter says that by far most of the superintendents need teachers for elementary positions, and, what is more important, they definitely ask for elementary-trained girls to fill these positions. His aim, therefore, is not to detract from the secondary department but to build the elementary courses to fill the rising needs, and to make the two equally significant at Worcester State Teachers College. The new program in which the first two years are of a general type of work equalizes the background of all the students. Every girl is still given her choice at the end of this period, and may take the course which she desires. She defers her choice until the end of the second year, when she has a more enlightened basis for her decision. She understands, moreover, that the school will recommend her for placement only in the work in which she is trained.

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Since the secondary course requires majoring in elective subjects, a highly trained faculty is needed. Mr. Carpenter feels that any young men in the area served by the school should reap the benefits of the unusual advantages. This year fifteen young men have entered the freshman class.

While in many ways we hate to see the old order yielding place to new, for changes in established custom and tradition give a feeling of unrest, yet youth should expect and welcome change, and strive for progress, bearing always in mind the ultimate good.



Miss Ruth Atkinson

WITH THE resignation of Miss Ruth Atkinson, Worcester State Teachers College has lost an inspiring teacher and a fine friend. When Miss Atkinson assumed her duties in the old Normal School, the gym course consisted entirely of the old-fashioned calisthenics, which answered the needs for exercise, leadership training, teaching gym work, and recreation. Miss Atkinson felt the need for a course which would teach the girls how to actually teach games and sports to children; which would interest the girls in their own exercise and physical improvement; and which would be recreational in that it would provide enjoyment. She introduced competitive sports — basketball, volley ball, deck tennis. She taught folk dancing, which has assumed so much importance in activities programs in the last few years. She made our May Day a tradition which will always be cherished, and made it such through hard work and careful planning. Her sense of humor saved many an embarrassing situation, and her solace and help in times of accident, inevitable in the gymnasium, were outstanding. Every student who worked with Miss Atkinson has her own personal association, which will always be part of her college memories. The *QUARTERLY REVIEW* expresses the regret of the school for Miss Atkinson's departure, but adds sincere wishes that she may enjoy all that she deserves in future years.

• • •

Fall

Rita Galipeau, '42

The leaves are falling quickly
Blown about and piling,
And the world is framed in burnished Autumn.

Bright blue sky is crowning
The brilliant, pregnant earth,
And the wind is sighing prophesies of Winter.

It is night for all the world
But the Autumn moon is shining,
Cutting patterns into shadows . . . etching them in gold.

Through the brisk October sunshine
Comes the hint of bitter weather;
And the vague, nostalgic murmur of an unforgotten Summer.

An Interview With Shirley Albert

Dale Andersen, '41

DURING this past summer Shirley Albert appeared for the first time as a professional actress, being a member of the New London Players, a summer stock company at New London, New Hampshire. Although the summer marked her first professional appearance, Miss Albert is by no means an inexperienced actress; her accomplishments are many. She has attended the Curry School of Expression in Boston, and has acted in the Clark University Summer Theater for two summers. Some of the plays she has appeared in at Clark are *Stage Door*, *Wingless Victory*, *Excursion*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. She has also taken part in the winter productions at Clark and will appear in Prof. Illingworth's new play, *Larry*, when it is given the latter part of October. Two summers ago Miss Albert was awarded a scholarship for professional training at the Plymouth Drama Festival. She has had three years of radio, with the Footlight Players over WORC, and in dramatic work over WTAG. She has also played in a motion picture which was produced at Webster.

Because her ten weeks at New London constitute a unique experience and because there is so much that she can tell us of the professional theater, this interview is, except for the reporter's questions, entirely in Miss Albert's own words.

Question: Did you find a difference between the amateur theater and the professional?

Answer: "Yes, there is a difference and playing in summer stock is the best way to see it. Everything is done very quickly and in a businesslike manner. When you realize that a different play is produced every week, you go with the understanding that you have to work, and work hard. There is a great deal of atmosphere about a summer theater. The chief topic of conversation is the theater — always the theater — morning, noon, and night. I should say that we talk 1% about the weather, 1½% about Hitler and Stalin, and 97½% about the theater."

Q. Tell us a little about the company itself. Has it been in existence many years?

A. "The New London Theater is running into its tenth year now, and consequently has built up a large following of patrons year after year. These patrons are for the most part summer residents — people who have summer homes on Lake Sunapee.

"The company is exceptional in that all its members have been or are in college. The intellectual standard is very high. Among the colleges represented are Smith, Vassar, Harvard, Bowdoin, Michigan, Yale, and the Ameri-

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can Academy of Dramatic Art. Many of the players have appeared professionally on Broadway. One young lady appeared professionally on the London stage in musical comedy.

"Our company had fifteen acting members and a stage crew of six. The work of the latter was to build sets, paint them, and take care of lighting. All of our sets were designed by Paul Bachelor, who is well known in the professional theater as an actor, producer, and director. He has worked in New York and Hollywood.

The directors of the theater are Miss Josephine Holmes, who is dean of the Curry School of Expression, and Mrs. Dorothy Clavarie."

Q. What plays did you produce this summer? There must have been a good many if you did a new one each week.

A. "Yes, they make a rather imposing list: *What a Life*; *Mornings At Seven*; *Tonight at Eight-thirty*, made up of *Ways and Means*, *Hands Across the Sea*, *Family Album*; *One Sunday Afternoon*; *Margin for Error*, *Two On An Island*. (Incidentally we were the only summer theater having the "rights" to produce this play this summer); *On Borrowed Time*; *When We Are Married*; *Squaring the Circle*."

Q. Do you have a particular favorite among that list?

A. "Noel Coward, by all means. I think his humor is positively brilliant. I can't say anything more except that he is *terrific*."

Q. What actress did your group consider to be outstanding?

A. "Gertrude Lawrence! There is no one like her. The general opinion at New London seemed to be that everyone is *terrible* except Gertrude Lawrence."

Q. I think our readers might be interested to know how the parts for these various plays were assigned. Will you tell us how it was done?

A. "We had what was called a reading rehearsal. All the members of the company assembled to read the play. Parts were constantly exchanged so that all the members tried various parts. This shifting and exchanging was done so that the director could find out which players were best suited to the different parts. At the end of such a rehearsal the director had a fairly good idea how to cast the play. Parts were then assigned and rehearsals started immediately."

Q. How much of your day was spent in rehearsing?

A. "Rehearsals went on constantly — morning, noon, and night. Perhaps if I give you a picture of a typical day at New London, you will see that I am not exaggerating. First of all, the girls lived at a summer residence called Barrett's. It was very much like a college dormitory except that conversation ran to the theater rather than to psychology, history, math, or Eng-

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lish. The boys lived at a residence called Smith's.

"Breakfast was served from eight o'clock till quarter of nine every morning. Usually we managed to get up at twenty minutes of nine just in time to dash down for a cup of coffee. Rehearsals started at nine and continued until twelve-thirty. We then had half an hour to use just as we wished. We could walk through the woods, learn scripts, or just lounge around and talk shop.

"Dinner was served at one o'clock. Rehearsals started at two and lasted until four. Then we had a couple of hours that were our own. Some of us went swimming or walking through the woods; others memorized scripts.

"Supper came at six, and everyone was always hungry.

"We all went over to the theater at seven-thirty to prepare for the evening performance, which started at eight-thirty. We had five performances during the week — all in the evening. (On Sundays we went to Pike, N. H., and performed at the Lake Tarlton Club). The play was over around quarter of eleven, and sandwiches and coffee were served backstage to the cast. If, by accident, there happened to be a warm evening, some of the players would go swimming. Sometimes we went dancing at the Grand-Lidon Hotel. Once in a while we went to New London's night spot — the drugstore — which closed at eleven.

"Then back to Barrett's to discuss the evening's performance and tell each other how good we were. It was impossible to get any sleep. People were always wandering around from one room to another. The girls seemed to think it was a natural thing to come into your room at about two-thirty in the morning and ask how you were. The really 'arty' ones used to go walking in the woods at three a.m. I usually spent all my nights studying my script. We were always in the process of forgetting last week's play, doing this week's play, and rehearsing the play for the following week. Usually by the second rehearsals we were supposed to have our lines down pat. In other words, we had to learn a three-act play in one night."

Q. "What have you to say for such an existence?"

A. "It is ideal. It is ideal in that it is just like living in a fantasy. Everyone is so wrapped up in his work that he is totally unaware of any outside influences. The outside world just does not exist. It seems that actors live in a make-believe world where everything is truly very wonderful. Without exaggeration the whole experience is a dream."

Q. You have had experience in both radio and stage work. Which do you like the better?

A. "Without any doubt I prefer the stage to radio because it is only on the stage that one can achieve true artistic development. The stage is abso-

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lutely the only medium where every faculty of expression can be used to convey an impression. One must not forget, however, that there is also a definite art in radio because action is unseen and therefore must be produced through the voice alone. There is no visible audience in radio, and consequently there is no inspiration — none of that intense excitement that accompanies a first night in the theater. On the stage one is able to feel the audience. This is something which is very subtle and comprehensible only to the experienced actor. It probably accounts for the fact that our greatest artists have remained on the stage and have not gone into radio or motion pictures."

Q. Do you feel that the summer theater is helping young people who want to act?

A. "Indeed it is. At present the summer theater is doing a noble service by giving the young actor professional experience. It is through these stock companies that the theater is being revived and is regaining its true place in the dramatic world."

You'll Choke On This One

Augusta Copper, '42

KELLEY came stalking into our combination bed-study-sitting-room where I sat giving the ancient Greeks and Romans a mere lick and a promise, being more interested in things here and now than in things there and then. I threw more than one interested glance, as they say in fiction, at her because she was wearing on her face at one and the same time a sorrowful yet laughing expression. As I say, to watch these two conflicting emotions chasing themselves around Kelley's plump pan was worth being interrupted in one's intellectual pursuits.

"I've just come from the hospital," she announced, lowering her bulk onto the studio couch beside me. The added weight jounced me, and the Greeks and the Romans went flying to the floor. With the printed page denied me, I gave my attention to a delicious morsel of cake which Kelley handed me wrapped daintily in a colored napkin.

"Yum-m-m, delicious, and it doesn't taste of ether, so I know you got it at the shower that you started out to and not at the hospital. But how in the world did you finally wind up at the hospital? That's no place for a party to end."

"Dear friend," Kelly admonished, "don't take such big bites; please eat that more carefully."

I put down what was left of the really quite large morsel of cake and paid Kelley the attention the Greeks and Romans should have been receiving.

"Listen, Kelley," I said, "by your peculiar facial contractions I perceive

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that something sadly funny has occurred tonight. You went to a shower which was being given to Anne Collings, who is contemplating matrimony — am I right? — and somehow or other from there you went to the hospital. Now why the hospital? Somebody sick?"

Now Kelley began to look all sad. "Yes, Jean Burney is awfully sick, poor kid."

"And just why did you leave the shower to rush over to Jean Burney?" I inquired.

"Oh, Jean was at the shower too. It was a grand party. Marie made a beautiful cake. Aren't you going to finish that piece? Then give it to me. There was a little candy bride and groom atop it. Oh, yes, and Dick, the blushing bridegroom-to-be, dropped in around refreshment time. He's a handsome, blond fellow, isn't he?"

I remarked that I preferred the flashing-eyed Latin type like Marcus Antonius — I and Cleopatra . . .

"Well, anyway, I didn't get the thimble in the cake; I got the boat. Mean's I'm going to take a trip.

"Who got the ring?" I queried, always interested in romantic things.

Here Kelley's expressive face became a sight to behold. "That's the story, Jean got it — in the neck!" Catch?

The Dawn Patrol

Barbara McQuade, '41

THERE ARE various ways of earning a living. Captains of industry sit in their swivel chairs. Occasionally, perhaps, to break the monotony they must push a button or two and snap an order to some poor victim in their employ. After the Babbitts comes the great horde of professional men, the dentist armed with his drill, the doctor with his little black kit of magic, the lawyer with his briefs, and, finally, youth's guide, the school teacher with his lesson plan — all doing their bit for humanity.

We could go right down through the various strata of labor until we come to that layer labelled, "The Dawn Patrol." That's where I come in.

The Dawn Patrol is that great legion of workers who courageously rise when all other people are complacently sleeping, to start the wheels of industry on their daily spin. They are the brave souls who grope their way with half-slit eyes through the dead, grey bleakness of early morn to throw cold water on the city's face so that it will be all alive, and sparkling, and fresh, and comfortable for you when you get up.

How well I remember the march of this patrol! Up with the neighbor's chickens with a half-hearted skip and a jump, I wended my way through the thick dew of Cape Cod to the place where I worked. My itinerary was almost

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as trying as the hour, for it offered more hazards than a miniature golf course. My usual route was through a blueberry pasture that was, as you would perhaps expect if you know anything about pastures, cow infested. These creatures may appeal to some as kind and contented, but to me they were just another menace to confront on my perilous way. With the pasture once cleared, I next traced my path through about one hundred and fifty yards of thick, verdant, almost tropical undergrowth that so reminded me of a jungle that I rather optimistically expected to meet Tarzan any morning as he leaped from tree to tree, or perhaps the Emperor Jones as he made his desperate escape through the underbrush to the crescendo of the thumping drums. The most challenging hazard of the whole uncivilized patch was the beautiful, proverbially babbling creek, that was too narrow to swim across and too wide to hurdle, that is, without extreme exertion on the hurdler's part. How many times I vowed as I narrowly escaped an early morning dip that I would build a bridge over it on my day off. But then, things do have a habit of sliding, and I perhaps couldn't have built it anyway.

By the time I emerged into civilization again I was so terrorized by the adventures of my woodland trek that I no longer walked in a drowsy stupor. I found this a very satisfactory and useful reaction, for I at least gave the impression of being wide awake and alert when I reported for duty. Of course when I say duty, I mean work or perhaps even slavery; setting up thirty tables for breakfast isn't my idea of rollicking good fun. I couldn't exactly be accused of loitering either as I juggled ham and eggs, toast, muffins, griddle cakes, grilled bacon, shredded wheat, orange juice, black coffee, for the next two or three hours.

How well I can remember that breakfast menu printed on blue paper with its ironically cheery "Good Morning" in bold type on the front of it. I can recall the various specials better than any line of poetry that I have ever learned. Number One Special was griddle cakes with maple syrup, thirty-five cents; Number Five, corned beef hash with poached egg, forty-five cents; Number Eight, calves liver saute with bacon, sixty-five cents. I can still see the fine print enclosed in parentheses at the bottom of the page, "French fries served with all specials except number one." No one ever bothered to read this simple stipulation, however, and I was always explaining to obstinate patrons that the management had made the decree and not I.

And so the morning hours flew by as I raced back and forth balancing breakfast cereal in one hand and ham and eggs in the other, and uttering, as I approached each table, a silent prayer that I might clear the customer's lap and manage to serve the plate on the table, for convention's sake anyway. When the last straggling coffee dawdler left the restaurant, I would slip into

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an obscure corner of the dining room, quite tactfully out of the management's view, and there I would relax for a few stolen minutes. There, away from the hungry throng, I would quietly salute the Dawn Patrol, that vast army of crusaders who start the wheels of industry spinning every morning for you, and you, and you.

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Freshmen Directory

Abram, Agnes A.,	North Street, East Douglas
Barthelmes, Betty,	Henshaw Street, Leicester
Beals, Richard V.,	12 Suffield Street, Worcester
Bentivoglio, Dea,	443 Worcester Street, Wellesley Hills
Bird, Carol G.,	43 Beeching Street, Worcester
Boyle, Claire E.,	10 Boyden Street, Worcester
Brady, Phillipa L.,	11 Shirley Street, Worcester
Brulinski, Helen,	56 South Street, Worcester
Boulay, Richard,	
Burr, Rosamond,	Park Street, South Bellingham
Carberry, Laetitia M.,	525 Main Street, Leicester
Charbonneau, Leo,	8 Houghton Street, Worcester
Coursey, Gloria A.,	58 Paine Street, Worcester
Crowe, Alice H.,	29 Hitchcock Road, Worcester
Cypher, Barbara V.,	Main Street, Oxford
DiGeronimo, Rachel R.,	180 North Main Street, Leominster
Donabedian, Haig,	47 Westminster Street, Worcester
Duffy, Raymond F.,	5 Flower Street, Worcester
Evans, Paul E.,	34 Greendale Avenue, Worcester
Farnum, Charles H.	4 Cabot Street, Worcester
Fox, Robert W.,	32 Cutler Street, Worcester
Giefing, Charlotte M.,	Chestnut Street, Westboro
Goodman, Harriett,	32 Hewins Street, Dorchester
Hancock, John,	235 Adams Street, Holliston
Harrington, Marion,	Princeton
Houlihan, Mary M.,	21 Kingsbury Street, Worcester
Hultquist, Warren E.,	9 Johnston Street, Millbury
LaVigne, Helen M.,	45 Plantation Street, Worcester
Levitan, Tina N.,	65 May Street, Worcester
Looney, Eleanor P.,	70 Seymour Street, Worcester
Maloney, George E.,	35 Orient Street, Worcester
Mantyla, Martha C.,	7 Hooper Street, Worcester
Melia, John J.,	77 Sterling Street, Worcester

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McWilliam, Virginia,	Main Street, North Oxford
McCann, Elizabeth,	13 Vassar Street, Worcester
McCarthy, Thomas C.,	29 Arlington Street, Worcester
McGee, F. Edmond,	41 Birch Street, Worcester
Moreau, Mary T.,	1 Agawam Street, Worcester
Nieminen, Helen E.,	110 Eastern Avenue, Worcester
Pollard, Jacqueline,	Cherry Valley
Rawson, Deborah T.,	Blackstone Street, Uxbridge
Rice, Walter J.,	36 South Main Street, Leicester
Russo, Irene U.,	11 Hill Street, Worcester
Scarry, Margaret M.,	65 Paine Street, Worcester
Small, Anna E.,	Main Street, Saundersville
Smith, Ethelyn M.,	19 Seagrave Street, Uxbridge
Shawmut, Paulina C.,	994 Pleasant Street, Worcester
Somerville, Virginia L.,	67 Tower Street, Worcester
Spear, Eleanor L.,	4 Underwood Street, Westboro
Sponberg, Louise C.,	25 Stebbins Street, Worcester
Sullivan, Marguerite H.,	102 Shrewsbury Street, No. Grafton
Stewart, Barbara,	11 Hill Street, Amherst
Symonds, Ruth C.,	16 Dodge Avenue, Worcester
Toombs, Grace A.,	20 Lakeside Avenue, Worcester
Wetherbee, Frances M.,	Stowe
Withstandley, Venise,	81½ Sherbrook Avenue, Worcester
Zimmer, Wanda M.,	51 Main Street, West Warren

Advanced Standing

Abrahams, Miriam F.,	25 Ethan Allen Street, Worcester
Carroll, Margaret M.,	2 Maple Street, Whitinsville
Croce, Camilla,	36 Shelby Street, Worcester
Croce, Teresa,	36 Shelby Street, Worcester
Donnelly, James P., (one year course),	North Brookfield
Driscoll, Elizabeth H.,	28 Leland Road, Whitinsville
Franklin, Jacob, (one year course),	18 Park Street, Webster
Hargrove, Harold G.,	North Grafton
Howard, Walter, (Special),	24 Fairbanks Street, Worcester
Miles, Robert A.,	6 Hancock Street, Worcester
MacGeoch, Mildred,	27 Lee Street, Worcester
O'Gorman, Clare M.,	97 May Street, Worcester
Stead, Anna	6 Norwood Street, Worcester
Weeks, Muriel, (Special),	86 Summer Avenue, Springfield

Book Review

Country Editor Henry Beetle Hough Shirley Widerberg, '42

WE MUST, as the small child is told at Christmas, taste it slowly, and try to make it last." That is the last sentence of *Country Editor* by Henry Beetle Hough, who is editor of the *Vineyard Gazette*. While it suggests the ideal manner in which to read this "autobiography," the statement does not portray the real condition, for without doubt, you will "eat it up," exactly as you relished *The Horse and Buggy Doctor*, and *Forty Years a Country Preacher*.

The author presents throughout the book a very strong defense for the small newspaper, with its numerous handicaps and gratifications, its sorrows and pleasures, its financial difficulties and challenges. Behind every "local" lie many hours of struggle among inefficient and, therefore, unsatisfactory presses; weary afternoons devoted to folding pages, each separately and by hand; weekly conferences with difficult and trying subscribers. Yet advertisements are never the problem which always accompanies the "dailies." Consult Henry Beetle Hough, and he will describe his experiences, because in Martha's Vineyard local business men consider that their duty necessitates the engagement of space, but they expect few sales from this most public method. As a result, advertisements frequently remain the same from one season to another, from one year to another.

Naturally the purpose of the *Gazette* is the furnishing of news. Mrs. Carrington, the local society leader, and Miss Hazel Willington Banks, the most helpful individual, supply all social and club "doings" for their communities. However, the main cog, omitting the editor and his wife, Betty, is Mr. Sampson, abhorrer of the machine age, but an addict to his favorite political party.

These details in the life of Hough's paper are presented without the bigoted attitude so frequently expected in dissertations of this type. Probably broadmindedness descends from the author's personal life. The people of the community, on the other hand, maintain interest only in their own activities. With this in mind, you will not be surprised to discover a scarcity of attention centering on the current war, but many columns on local social affairs. "Mrs. Frank Norton was in New Bedford last Friday." As a result of lack in cosmopolitan interests, the "Gazetteans" can preserve a peaceful aspect; they can live happily and smugly in their little towns; they can furnish for us "an adventure in contentment."

Such philosophical ideas are presented in a casual, appealing fashion,

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which will please all ages. There are individual chapters that you will read before you actually turn to the beginning; there are humorous dialogues, and unforeseen surprises; the colorful descriptions will delight you. What are these bits of humor and these sketches? One amusing incident occurred when a local son was accused by his wife of kicking the latter down a flight of stairs in Oakhaven. The next day, a violent reply appeared in the *Gazette* office in which the son's father demanded recognition of the following fact: that his son had kicked his wife, not in Oakhaven, but in Newton.

Country Editor is worth your immediate attention. Don't expect a Joseph C. Lincoln story or a Sara Orne Jewett local color unit. Expect a "good old Yankee yarn" and you'll get it.

NOTE: It is the hope of some faculty members and students that Mr. Hough will be able to speak at our student assembly.

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Eighteen's Error

Esther Lipnick, '43

IT'S NOT that Claudia was adolescent or still a naive child. As a matter of fact she was eighteen and knew her own mind — quite well, too. She had behind her a year at a fashionable finishing school whose reputation for sending out attractive and polished young things had been manifested in the days when Claudia's mother was a young girl — not that Claudia's mother was so awfully old. My dear, they were taken for sisters on the few occasions that they appeared together.

And it's not that Claudia lacked brains. She was something of a polyglot — could speak three languages quite fluently — English included, but of course not all Americans can speak English, you know. She could reel off the genealogy of the English kings without a break; could tell you how many wives Henry the Eighth had, and of Elizabeth's consuming jealousy for her cousin Mary. She liked the personal approach to history; it made it so human. She could tell you what ambassador's wife wasn't on bridge-table terms with what envoy's fiancée. She had mastered the Pythagorean theorem in geometry; had been called a budding Einstein by her admiring classmates. She was up on current literature and drama. She was simply wild about Lunt and Fontanne and considered Ethel Barrymore just too, too cute for words. She had waded through "Gone With the Wind" and "Anthony Adverse," which was quite an achievement; to top that off — she kept informed by reading Winchell.

And she was terribly chic. Her coats were 8 Place de la Madeleine, her hats Lily Dache, her dresses Mademoiselle.

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She was versatile, too. She could swing a mean racket, sang like Ethel Merman, and could rhumba like a professional at La Conga. Yes, Claudia was as modern as the swing line trend. And she wasn't without any knowledge of the opposite sex. Why, she'd come awfully close to eloping last year. It had been at that winter carnival where she'd met that thrilling South American who had fallen in love with her and proposed. She couldn't think of breaking his heart, and besides he had scads of money, and she was about to accept when an awful, nauseating attack of homesickness and longing for her mother overtook her and she left the senior on his knees and fled.

That's why all her friends were simply astonished when Claudia told them of her newest conquest. It had all happened at Mrs. Lancaster's tea. Her mother had asked her to call for her on the way from the Saturday matinee. Funny, her mother had never asked her to do that before, but since Dad had passed away, they had grown rather close and Claudia was glad that she had gone. For as soon as she entered she saw him.

He was browned, but thoroughly so, not the way one gets in Palm Beach, but as though the African sun had completely dyed his skin and bleached his hair around the temples. And he was so tall and broad, and oh, so-o-o mannish looking. Not like her Hasty Pudding friends and the rest of the gang: they were merely boys; he was a man.

Her mother had introduced her as her daughter and he had smiled and said, "How like you she is, Nancy. I would have known she was your daughter in the Sudan." And Claudia had waited for her mother's face to blanch — imagine his not mentioning the fact that Nancy looked much too young to have such a daughter. But she hadn't. She had looked rather wistful and had left them together. Claudia was fascinated by him. He told her that he was some kind of engineer, had spent time in Africa, Egypt, South America. She was very interested, and he said that it flattered him. And all the while that terrible Mrs. Malafor had kept snooping at them through her monocle, but that didn't make any difference, for when they were leaving, he had promised to drop by soon to take her riding — horesback riding; he said that he was homesick for the saddle.

All the way home she had acted rather silly and flighty. She had discovered before they had left Mrs. Lancaster's that he was nearer her mother's age than her own. The terrible Mrs. Malafor had taken care of that. "May and December, May and December," she had said. Claudia wished that she could tell mother about her deep feeling for this romantic stranger, but somehow she felt rather tongue-tied.

That had been three weeks ago. In the interim he had taken her riding

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on a glorious Sunday afternoon, and after that they had had tea and crumpets in a quaint little country tea house. It had been one glorious and perfect day. She had realized that she was genuinely in love with him. She was sure that the feeling was reciprocated. He had looked at her so — well, not exactly — but with real man-to-man admiration, when she had ridden so beautifully. But he must be in love with her. He had called again after that to take her and Mother to the opera. Today he was taking her riding; today no doubt he would propose. . . .

Claudia was descending the stairs like a young Diana ready for the hunt, crop in hand. Something instinctive made her stop on the top stair when she heard her name spoken. Ah, he must be telling Mother of his love for her. She waited breathlessly and listened. "John," her mother was saying, "I'm sure of my answer now. Claudia is really fond of you, and I know that you'll be good for her. A girl her age still needs a father."

• • •

All In Fun

Some indication pray
Of what this is all about?
We feel that you should know the way
The Senior Class goes through the day
And passes out.

In latin, friend McQuadey runs
The gamut of expression.
We fear that heretofore she's been
A victim of repression,
Till Terence set her talents free—
In Scene I, she says "Whew!"
You never saw a sadder puss
As she says "S-h-h-h,"—Scene II.

Dr. Shaw we're sure has heard
The Senior's bluff before,
But now they tell us there's a bird
Who helps him to be sure.
So when a maiden guesses wrong
And thus this bright bird riles,
She hears a burst of plaintive song
And knows she's stirred up Miles.

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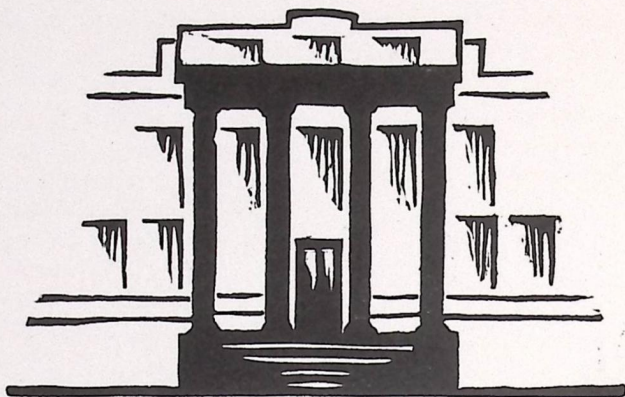
We understand the World Lit. class
The Rubaiyat at perusing,
"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine"—
Has found it quite confusing,
To treasure Omar's little gems;
We heard this tale of woe,
"They come like water to my 'bean',
Alas! Like wind they go."

Our thirty-seven sisters true
In love and friendship knit,
In economics find—ah rue!—
Their unity is split.
For some with money in the bank
Or cars, are fond embracers
Of capital, while those on shank,
Poor whites, are Stuart Chasers.

In hockey, we confess, we yield
To none, but take our licks,
As Edie Manzi leads the field
We others cross our Styx.
That's no misprint, ah reader, dear,
In wit we we're quite capacious,
No depth to which we cannot sink
For we're unco' punacious.

The meter here gets quite monot—
Onous, erstwhile erratic,
And as the stuff is bully rot
And rather ungrammatic,
Let's close the Senior's busy day;
Let's draw this to an end;
The curfew tolls the parting day
And so to dreams, my friend!





W. S. T. C.

We're Saying On This Campus

The Juniors had gathered in the student lounge, and were enjoying themselves hugely as they chatted about the "good old days."

"What I'll never forget about freshman year is the Latin Club play," sighed Augusta Copper, reminiscently.

"But," protested her classmates, "you weren't even in the play that year."

"Of course I was," retorted Augusta indignantly. "I was the 'Noise from without'."

* * *

Romance is always a fascinating subject, and one of the after-lunch conferences found it particularly absorbing.

"I could never sell my heart," proclaimed an idealist.

"Not even to a millionaire?" demanded a listener.

The idealist hesitated. "We-ell," she said, "I think I could manage to *give* it to a millionaire."

* * *

Perhaps some observant students may have wondered, some weeks ago, at the sight of a pale-faced, shocked-looking girl tremblingly descending the stairs, clutching the bannister for support. The story is this: A senior had just approached her with the question, "Are you the treasurer of our club?" On receiving confirmation, the senior reached for her pocket-book. "I want to pay my back dues for the past two years," she stated.

The treasurer has since recovered.

Frances Hopkins believes that one must be original to succeed. The result is her novel proposal for obtaining a position: Frances will open a matrimonial bureau for all the girls in her class so that she may get *the* job.

* * *

Because of changes in the curriculum, Mr. Jones' Ancient History course is now telescoped into a single semester, the class meeting six hours a week. Naturally, at that rate work progresses rather rapidly, and the girls were very much surprised to hear Mr. Jones announce a test on Egypt. "All through with Egypt so soon?" mused Lillian Gordon with regret, adding sadly, "And I was just growing to love the Sphinx."

* * *

Magicians may pull rabbits out of hats, but they've got nothing on Mary Coolaghan, who has evidently been experimenting on the production of synthetic foods. Mary told friends, "Yesterday I made the most delicious cake out of a magazine!"

* * *

Students of S.T.C. are familiar with every nook and cranny of the building, but they were put to shame when delegates to the conferences of the Massachusetts Parent-Teacher Association asked for directions. The girls realized for the first time that

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they had never known the rooms by number.

* * *

The Juniors were conducting a vigorous campaign to have their class numerals placed on the bands of their college rings. "What do you want the numerals on your rings for?" inquired an opponent. "You'll always be dated!"

"That's exactly what we want," came the reply.

* * *

Members of Dr. Dalrymple's first-hour-Monday sociology group looked worried when he told them that plans had been made to occupy them second hour.

"We need that free period," explained one of the girls, "to prepare for our third hour class."

"But," said Dr. Dalrymple reprovingly, "you had the whole weekend to prepare for that."

Quick thinking was in order. After a short silence, inspiration brightened the face of a troubled student. "The Law of Recency," she explained. "We all feel that the subject matter will be fresher in our minds if we study it just before class."

* * *

Yankee ingenuity crops out even at S.T.C. Betty DeWitt doesn't need a new clasp for her pocketbook — she very cleverly ties it with a shoestring.

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We are all very fond of our *Alma Mater*, but even the most devoted of us cannot help feeling that it is rather ludicrous when our newly-acquired male voices sing the part about "loving daughters." Suggestions are now in order for an appropriate rhyming word.

* * *

One of our young co-eds was worrying, rather prematurely to be sure, about which of her two devoted admirers to invite to the Junior Prom.

"If I take one, the other will be offended," she wailed.

"Cheer up, darling," consoled her friend. "Maybe by that time both of them will be drafted."

* * *

Gladys Walley was all a-dither, for she was going to the Book Fair in Boston. She hurried through lunch, dashed out to her car, raced home to West Newton as fast as the speed laws would allow, and, uncertain of the time for the program, gasped, "When do the speakers start at the Book Fair?"

"Why," said Gladys' mother calmly, "two weeks from today, when the Fair opens."

* * *

All the girls agree that a word of appreciation for the new student lounge is due: The room is extremely attractive and very comfortable,

and members of all classes are enjoying it immensely.

* * *

The QUARTERLY extends a cordial welcome to the boys, who have not formed a part of our student body for many years. However, we now find that we must be more careful when we speak of men, as Helen Dillon, who was graduated with the class of 1939, discovered while she was telling the International Relations Club of her experiences in the graduate school of Clark University. Helen had just begun to say something about male superiority when she suddenly checked herself with, "Oops! I wouldn't have mentioned that if I had remembered that there were boys here now." But it must be admitted that the boys do have their advantages, for after the meeting some of the freshmen chivalrously rolled up their shirt-sleeves and set to work washing the dishes.

* * *

Irene Morrison gets a letter every day. Should we tell it to the marines?

* * *

Several seniors are seriously thinking of forming a committee to regulate the school clocks to radio. They are getting bored with missing several periods a week because the clocks are three minutes (actually) fast.



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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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Editorial

Other People's Back Yards . . .

THE URGE to travel far and do great things seems to come to all youth. The call of distant lands is always beckoning in the future. This appeal is good; it imparts life and enthusiasm, which color all thoughts and ambitions. It is fostered by the literature of adventure — books written by travelers, missionaries, foreign correspondents, and geographers. History, in fact and in fiction, aids in the escape to different times rather than to different lands. Youth is always dreaming of adventure and romance; youth really desires to find it; to do big things in the world, to experience the satisfaction of having found something, conquered something, made something. But always it is something far away, beyond the insignificance of ordinary life in an American city.

Americans think of America as the most civilized, prosperous and progressive country in the world. They lose the sense of responsibility which makes life dearer because it is not taken for granted. They wish that they could break away; could go to China to labor as missionaries; could conquer Mount Everest in an airplane; could go with Byrd to the South Pole; could travel from one end of the earth to the other, finding newness and romance. So many are completely blind.

We have problems in America which have been with us for generations and which are no nearer solution now than ever. Yet their solution would mean the saving of more lives than all the spectacular deeds of daring in the world could possibly save. It would mean not only the difference between life and death for millions, but the difference between an ordinarily comfortable life, the epitome of perfection to these millions, and a life that is worse than death, a life filled with disease, starvation and immorality. Stop just once more to consider that this country is destroying food; just trying to get rid of cereal, fruit, and vegetables, while human beings are dying of starvation, simply because the problem of distribution has never been solved. Imagine the situation of a little house, empty of furniture except for the kitchen; in that kitchen a small wood fire, a table and some chairs, and a mother and four children; add the fact that there is no food in the kitchen, and that the house is ready to fall apart. You have a slum situation found repeated all over the extent of this country.

Our parents never heard much of unemployment. There were men out of work, but there was no national problem. Since the disaster of 1929, we

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have had unemployment constantly a shadow over our lives, harassing some more threateningly than others but a possibility for everyone. With the war boom it seems that everyone can get a job, and receive good wages for work hitherto paid only moderately. Does this mean that the problem is solved? How are we going to absorb the enormous increase in employees in factories after the war boom is over? Are all the young men who are seizing a chance to work, instead of going to school, going to be turned out to form the bread line of later years? This problem must be solved immediately, for the duration of the present emergency is entirely unpredictable.

Youth must accept the challenge of adventure, yes. But, youth must become realistic. Youth must open eyes to the challenge of humdrum environment; should reject the escapist attitude of waiting for a chance to get away and become something. Youth is losing the chance to become something really beneficial to society. The conquests must be made at home. Young people must offer to their own town and country their much-needed assets of health, intelligence, and education.



A Moot Question

TO CARRY OUT a national defense program such as ours necessitates power, such power as has seldom been exercised by our government so far in our history. No one disputed the fact that for efficiency, in order to make the most of that power with the least amount of waste in time and money, this power must be concentrated in the hands of a few men who understand the situation and who are experts in mass production methods. But, because of the very extent of this power, there is a dispute over how this centralization of power is going to affect the future of the country. Since, as has often been stated, the college students are the controlling citizens of the world of to-morrow, we feel that they should have a chance to express their opinion as to how the National Defense Committee, a committee in no way responsible to the Supreme Court for its actions, is going to affect this world of theirs.

Our staff has contacted a sampling of the students at our school, with the following opinions being attested:

BARBARA MCQUADE, '41: I feel that the character of the National Defense Program may be detrimental to the ideals of our form of government because it allows for favoritism in placing contracts and furnishing supply orders, and so encourages the very evil it was created to avoid — namely, profiteering.

MAXINE HALE, '41: I realize that these measures are necessary, but I believe that some check should be placed on them. If unlimited power is given to any group of people, it is dubious as to what the outcome will be. If some way could be devised to restore these powers to their normal level, then the danger would be somewhat alleviated. As it stands now, who knows what results one might find when the emergency is over?

ELIZABETH SMITH, '42: The National Defense Committee is not dangerous to democracy; on the contrary, it is necessary to get behind democracy and give it a boost. The conditions to-day make it necessary to have some such drastic measure to protect our way of government from outside dangers.

ELIZABETH BRIGHAM, '42: Oh, the national defense program? Well, tell me what we would do if we had a war? After all, we could have non-conscription, and try to raise an army by some other means, but at this time, we need something definite. Of course, certain men would go, but others would get married, or claim that their work was important. Besides, the constant reports in the newspapers of bombing in London, by Germans, bother me. Well, if you don't favor the national defense program, as it stands, I hope that they bomb you first.

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SHEILA WALSH, '42: Our national defense program is not destroying democracy — it is saving it! Those who oppose it may talk about regimentation; well, France was a democracy, and she did not embark on a defense program. Is that what they want to happen to us? Even the Republicans agreed with the President on national defense, and if Willkie and Roosevelt got together on a program — that's something!

KATHERINE STAFFORD, '43: As long as the program is carried on by free enterprise, it is no threat to democracy, but if the government should interfere with or monopolize private industry, then democracy would be seriously threatened.

ROBERT FOX and PAUL EVANS, '44: The National Defense Program is an aid to democracy and was created to preserve it. We need an outstandingly well prepared army. You remember the philosophers of Rome. They said that they needed an army because they feared that Rome was "getting soft." We are smart enough to profit from Rome. However, the conscription of young men with good positions and chances of immediate promotion is wrong.

• • •

We Are Gentlemen of Japan

Gladys A. Walley, '42

WANTED: ambitious singers to fill the stage in a Red Cross benefit performance of the *Mikado*, to be given by the Light Opera Company."

"At last!" I thought. "Something to fill in that summer spare time, and a chance to have some fun singing."

If you want to know who we are . . . The night of the first rehearsal had arrived — one of those cool, damp evenings which often follow muggy days. Of course I was all a-dither and was shivering like an excited puppy by the time I arrived at the playground house where practise sessions were to be held.

On many a vase and jar . . . It was a friendly looking little fieldstone building with a piano and one large room — just big enough for a regulation basketball court. From the small windows all around one could see the broad sloping lawns and rustic bridges over picturesque brooklets. "The perfect setting!" I declared.

On many a screen and fan . . . Books were scarce, but the singing was lusty, and I was at once caught up in the whirlwind of enthusiasm. The music was extremely difficult, and so for the first few times, in going over the songs, I just moved my lips to keep the director contented while I absorbed the catchy music as sung by the professionals behind me.

We figure in lively paint . . . It was all such fun! Balancing a book in

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one hand, acting graceful with the other, and remembering to take two steps forward instead of to the side, I concluded, was not easy. You were considered just plain stupid if you had to resort to your twenty-five page script after three rehearsals.

Our attitudes queer and quaint . . . I saved my intelligence rating during the intervening week by painstakingly reciting lines to the clackity, clack, clack of the trains and to the swish of ocean waves.

Comes a train of little ladies . . . The only trouble now was that at rehearsals you were expected to dip in the right places, all thirty girls as one, when you had never been informed of the fact. In the meantime, we occupied our leisure time with keeping a coroner's record of mosquito deaths.

With aspect stern and gloomy stride . . . I couldn't help being caught up in the spirit of the thing once the full chorus began to boom its replies to the "Lord High Executioner." Dress rehearsal was held in the stadium on a bare stage, completed only half a day before the performance. After much tying of wide sashes and adjusting of two-strapped sandals on white-stockinged feet, the boys in the cast attempted to play football, much to the detriment of their dainty Japanese fans.

May all good fortune . . . Things went beautifully until Pooh-bah became overheated and began to entertain the cast with his antics. I noticed that he was wearing a heavy maroon rug as a stiff underskirt. But he was soon cooled off by a major catastrophe in the midst of the rehearsal — it started to pour. Japanese delicacy was forgotten, and we gave up our mincing, lady-like steps in a general stampede to the cars. To top it all, our peaked eyebrows ran in the rain.

He always tries to utter lies and everytime — he fails . . . The night of the performance was made to order with a full moon for Yum Yum to point to and a slight breeze to rustle the dainty pink paper cherry blossoms and gay lighted lanterns. The street was blocked off while the audience swarmed into the stadium and performers tied butterfly bows and pencilled in Oriental eyebrows. I felt myself bristle with excitement again as the orchestra struck the first chords of the prelude.

Miasama, miasama . . . The company never sang better,—and after weeks of needless trepidation. All rose to the occasion with unexpected quips. Koko, instead of calling, "Katisha," across the stage, coyly called, "Oh, Kitty!" Much to my delight I found that I could add my twenty-five pages worth to the *Mikado* with as much gusto and pleasure as could any of the professionals. I was happy, too, after the performance, when I was asked to join the company, but having once tasted of the joys and sorrows of a singer's career, I

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declined. I was content to return to a normal life with an undying appreciation of Gilbert and Sullivan.

*With laughing song and merry dance,
With laughing song and merry dance
With song and dance.*

• • •

Holy Cats

Jacob Franklin

A couple of cats were holding a jam session in the backyard and I was seriously considering whether or not a good night's sleep was worth the price of a good pair of shoes. But when the feline duo, in the interest of closer harmony, added a crying baby alto and a Maggie Jiggs soprano, I decided to throw logic to the winds and my shoes at the cats.

Having made up my mind, I waited a few moments to coordinate my muscles for the effort and then arose like a fighter at the count of nine. I staggered sleepily to the open window, picked up a pair of heavy, leather heeled cat-removers on the way, and flung them in the general direction of the nocturnal disturbance.

The first shoe must have thrown the Alley sisters off key because immediately after it left my hand I heard a scream so terrifying it couldn't have been imitated by Hollywood's leading professional at fifty dollars a cry.

The second shoe was thrown for good measure and its kaplunk landing was a cue for the entrance of stillness on the set.

But the sandbags of silence were as inducive to sleep as the serenade of the cats. The arms of Morpheus wouldn't give me the welcome gesture. Poor cats. I spoiled their fun — maybe hurt them — and for what?

You see, the real reason for my nervousness was in the headlines of the evening newspapers.

"'KILLER' COLT ESCAPES STATE PRISON.
WAS TO BE EXECUTED TONIGHT AT 11.
BELIEVED HEADING TOWARDS CRAGVILLE."

The words had stared at me as if I were looking at the 72-point type through a magnifying glass.

The logic I had thrown away turned out to be a boomerang. Why, I thought, should an escaped killer come to Cragville unless he had some business here? I pulled the blanket over my head. What business could a murderer have in Cragville except revenge? I drew my exposed feet in under the protection of the blanket. The only eyewitness to a murder by "Killer" Colt was about to witness another murder at close hand. His own. The blan-

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ket wasn't large enough to cover my body which fluctuated like electric waves on an oscillograph. Why, oh why, I moaned, did I leave the city for such a lonely place? I should have been with friends at a time like this. I should have asked for police protection. I should . . .

There was a rap on the door. "Who's there?" I asked. Then I bit my lip for its hasty movements.

A feminine whisper answered. "It's Miss White. Let me in. I must speak to you."

I allowed the breath imprisoned within me to escape, put on my robe, and went to the door.

Miss White had rented the room across the hall about a week before. We were not well acquainted. A chance meeting, a nod, a smile. That was all. She was a quiet girl — in Cragville for a rest probably — and really "pretty as a picture." For when she smiled, there was no life behind it. And most of her one hundred ten pounds, it seemed was a heavy heart.

She was standing at the door with her hands deep in the pockets of her wraparound and her slight shoulders hunched forward. Sweeping past me into the room she snapped on the light.

I looked at her questioningly. "I'm frightened," she explained. She didn't have to. For her complexion was the color of her name.

"What's your trouble?" I asked, almost forgetting my own.

Sob and explanation raced each other to her throat. The sob won. She sat down on the edge of the bed and cried for a few moments. Then she got up and walked to the window. "I'll be all right soon."

Now that she had some one to talk to she seemed more frightened than before.

"What's the matter?" I asked again.

She turned away from the window. "I heard the most horrible screams."

I laughed. "You don't have to be scared. Those screams you heard — why, they were only some cats I shooed away. Or should I say shoed?"

The wrinkles of despair did not leave her face.

"I'm not kidding," I reassured her. "Some cats . . ."

Then I heard it. Some one was coming up the stairs. Slow and heavy. The girl and I stared at each other, our ears strained. "Killer" Colt! I was sure of it.

"Get into the closet," I ordered the girl as I turned to snap out the light.

"Stop!"

Startled, I turned. There stood Miss White with a pistol in her hand, wavering at me.

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Her low voice quivered like what's-her-name on a noontime radio serial. "My name is Colt," she said. "The man walking up the stairs is my brother. I'm to keep you here until he comes."

The footsteps were coming closer. But I wasn't going to wait around for Death to come and get me. It would have to chase hard — especially at my age. I was like a losing fighter in the final round looking for an opening in which to pour my last drop of strength. Panic stimulated my paralyzed brain into action. If I were in the funnies, there would have been an electric light bulb drawn over my head.

"Colt was captured an hour ago," I said. "That's a policeman coming up now to tell me about it."

Her eyes cried, "Prove it. Prove it."

"If I could only believe you," she whispered, as in a prayer.

"Who else but a policeman walks stairs like that," I said by way of confirmation.

Before I could think up a better one, she passed out.

I grabbed her gun, put out the light, and then carried the girl to a bed of shoes on the closet floor.

The heavy steps were coming down the hallway now. I planted myself beside the door so that I would be behind anyone who entered. My plan was to crack the intruder over his head with the gun. That's as far as I wanted to plan.

There was a knock. Can you imagine a killer who observed all the niceties prescribed by Emily Post before plying his trade? What ruthlessness!

"Come in," I said, trying to make my voice sound as though it were coming from the other side of the room. I raised my arm to strike as a burly form entered. Before the gun was halfway in its downward arc my arm was given a sharp twist. The gun and I were flung across the room in opposite directions.

The light went on and I looked up to find a red-faced cop hovering over me. My face took a liking to his and started to match it.

"What were you doing with that gun?" he asked.

"I thought you were 'Killer' Colt," I said weakly.

"Anybody here with you?"

"No." And I prayed that the closeted girl was either still out or had sense enough to act that way.

"I thought I saw a girl at your window. Must have been mistaken." He walked over to the window. "Come over here," he ordered.

It took a few moments for my heart to sink into its natural position and

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then I followed his bidding. At the window the policeman was aiming his flashlight toward the backyard. It revealed a group of state troopers gathered in a circle. In the center a man lay sprawled out on his back. There were two shoes beside him.

"There's Colt," said the cop. "Out colder than a seal's snoot. Now what do you know about this?"

But all I could say was "Holy cats!"



Book Reviews

How Green Was My Valley Richard Llewellyn *Ruth P. Malley, '42*

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY is the saga of the Morgan family — the story of the slag heap and its effect upon the Morgans, told by Huw Morgan. It is a narrative of Huw from the time when he was too small for long trousers until he became an old man, leaving his little mining town forever. Throughout the book, one feels the influence of the slag heap — the foe which Gwilym Morgan fought to save his family, and which eventually caused his death and blighted all life in the little village. Huw tells the story of a people gaining a livelihood from coal, only to be stopped by the very source of their meagre income — the coal itself. For while the workers mined the coal, the slag was brought up to the surface to be spewed on the hillside, till it finally threatened to cover the entire village.

The Morgans were a close-knit clan ruled by the hard-headed father, Gwilym — tyrannical, but just according to his own views. As Huw grew up, he watched the conflicts between his father and the rest of the family as his brothers and sisters tried to marry, leave the homestead, or choose a life away from the mines. A bright light in Huw's life was Bronwen, the wife of his brother David; even when he had attained manhood, and even after he had reached old age, Huw never lost his love for her. He carried it with him through his life — through the marriages of his sisters and brothers, the family troubles, his trips to London, the triumph of singing before the Queen, and the domestic upsets of all but David and Bronwen. But no matter what he tried to do, his life was inexorably linked with the coal mine, and Huw finally gave up his studies to work in the mines with his father and brothers.

This tale of Welsh life is dominated by the struggle between union and non-union factions for control of the mines. It is clearly shown that the real sufferers in time of strife are the mothers and children, who must live even though the weekly pay envelope is no longer coming in. The mines were unionized, but with a horrible civil war which brought much pain to innocent victims, and participants alike.

David Morgan and his brothers wished to unionize the mines, but their father was a member of the majority which opposed unionization. The boys left home, but when matters grew worse and a strike spread to the village they returned to help their father save the mine. Gwilym, as patriarch of the village, tried to negotiate with the owners, and succeeded in making arrangements by which the men returned to work, but he himself was demoted to a

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menial position because of his sons' work with the union. The workers threatened another strike on his behalf, but he refused to accept the sacrifice.

In spite of Gwilym's efforts, the whole countryside was soon idle, for the strike had spread. The strikers gained possession of the mine, where they were besieged by the non-strikers. Again Gwilym intervened. However, while he was in the mine a riot broke out and the mine was flooded. This brought the rioters to their senses and they decided to co-operate, but it was too late for Gwilym, who had worked so hard for peace. He died in the coal-mine he had fought to save.

This is a stirring, heart-moving drama of a rugged people living a rugged life. Part of the story is slowed up by long descriptions and incidents dragged out so that the reader's patience is strained to the breaking point, but he must realize that the author is writing the history of a family, and not merely a few incidents in the lives of its members. However, even though he often includes much that clogs the machinery he has set in motion, he succeeds in telling a gripping story of the influence of one man on the great coal mines and on the struggles of labor for unionization.

• • •

War In the Twentieth Century

Marian B. Moreland, '41

A symposium edited by Willard Waller

WAR IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY is a symposium edited by Willard Waller of Barnard College, Columbia University. Many scholars have made studies of present century war, but have done so as specialists, concentrating on one phase of it and neglecting others. Most of their works are in technical language scattered through great volumes. With the need of a collection of such knowledge in view, this book has been arranged. Each of the thirteen contributors to this book has devoted special study to the aspect of war about which he is writing and has tried to make these findings intelligible to the general reader.

Many theories have been advanced about the causes of war, some of which are not even plausible and some of which might have bearing on the question. The first theory put forth is the Moralistic theory, which claims that there are wars because bad men make wars. The Moral interpretation is that war is a result of conflicting moral systems. The Psychological theory would have us fighting because of an instinct to fight. This does not fit into our present day wars, which are wars of machinery more than of men. Also there are places where the people do not fight, and if the fighting instinct were universal, it would seem that this could not be true. Some claim that popula-

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tion pressure causes war, but India and China are not aggressive countries and they are the most overpopulated countries in the world. The economic interpretation has much in its favor but can not be accepted as the entire explanation of why we have wars. Wars today include or at least involve a totality of civilization, and any successful explanation of the causes of war would have to consider this totality of civilization. Some factors which contribute to war in this century are: indoctrination of the people with attitudes, the economic system of the state, agencies controlling public opinion, self-appointed agitators, propaganda, individual frustrations, and an idealization of the past.

Certain definite stages have been noted in the development of war, especially in the World War of 1914. The first stage is the milling process, the time when incidents occur which arouse public emotion, and when public opinion and agitators are everywhere.

War is declared, and in some way the tension of uncertainty gives way. The soldier learns to look at war professionally, but the civilian is filled with hatred. The period of flag-waving, intense propaganda for victory, and the beginning of a break in old moral codes is known as the organization period. During the period of high morale, emotionalism disappears, and new folkways and mores are adopted to fit the war conditions. This is followed by war weariness, when war becomes a duty for the soldier, standards are confused, agencies of public control are disorganized, and there is a universal desire for peace. It is during this period, however, that a last desperate struggle is often possible. Social class bitterness, a generation of post-war youth, health problems, and world-wide economic disturbances are prominent in the post-war reaction period. The worst of all this is that war settles nothing, and there are two losers in the war, regardless.

For years, the public has been taught that Germany plunged Europe into war in 1914, and that the Allies fought for purely idealistic causes. Revolutionary overturns in Germany, Austria, and Russia permitted the publication of secret documents which helped explode this myth. It is now clear that under the circumstances that existed then, Serbia, Russia, and France wanted a European War and got ready for it, although they were not sure how and when it would start; Austria and Hungary wanted a local war; and Germany, Great Britain, and Italy would have preferred no war but were either too slow or too involved to avert such a calamity. However, if Germany could have realized some of her goals through war, there is reason to believe that she would have been just as bellicose as the others. When the war in Europe broke out, President Wilson's statements were models of neutral procedure,

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and it is quite certain that he was neutral at heart. Less than three years later, he delivered a war message to Congress. Factors which are believed to have contributed to his change are his Anglo-Saxon perspective and sympathies; inconsistent and unfair international laws for Germany and England; Wilson's belief that Britain was fighting for civilization; influence exerted by finance and public opinion.

At the end of the war, Russia was under a new regime after a complete collapse; Germany was exhausted and a socialistic republic was set up; France was near collapse; and nothing was settled. Then came the Paris Peace Conference, which was not really a conference at all, because only one side took part — the defeated nations were not allowed to send delegates. All kinds of problems, and demands, social, economic, and political confronted the delegates. Five documents were eventually drawn up and signed, which are known collectively as the Peace of Paris, and which, according to Mr. Langsam, contained within themselves the germs of future wars. Some of these were: the war-guilt clause, which made Germany accept responsibility for the war and was a basis for heavy reparation demands; the reparations demand, the amount of which was unnamed at the time; the Polish settlement; refusal to allow an economic union between Austria and Germany; and like grievances in other sections of the Peace of Paris. These factors may be considered as behind the present World War.

The Peace of Paris did not end hostilities between the countries involved; it merely ended military warfare. For two decades after this, a bitter economic war was waged, the instruments of which exposed the user to retaliations. Two issues in this economic war have been pleas of population pressure and demands for colonies by Japan, Italy, and Germany, for investments, trade, and population; and the problems of reparation and war debt payments. Italy felt cheated in the war and demanded colonies. German marks were not accepted by the Allies, and the United States would not, because she had no need for them, accept goods in payment for war debts.

In 1939, the countries found the situation to be a vicious circle of restrictions that had failed to produce any permanent prosperity. The governments had two alternatives: to abandon economic warfare for more stringent measures, or to admit error, turn back and head for economic liberalism.

For about forty years preceding the World War, America was going through a Literary Renaissance, during which time we find Amy Lowell and Ezra Pound beginning to write poetry, and magazines beginning to flourish. The war greatly influenced literature in this country. Sentimental fiction and inspirational poetry was popular during the war, especially among the

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soldiers. Many poems and much trench literature was acclaimed at the time, but the only poets of importance produced by the war were Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon. After the war, writers dramatized the catastrophe, and a protest against war was put forth by Bernard Shaw, Laurence Stallings, Ernest Hemingway, and T. S. Eliot. The Jazz Age came along, with its motto of "A short life, but a merry one," an expression of the shattered moral values. Attempts were made at idealistic reforms, but the United States became a country of lawlessness and Red Scares. The school of Surrealism or Futurism grew and had a profound influence on both literature and art. Under Fascism in Germany and Italy, culture has died. Only the literature and art approved by the state is allowed, and this is usually second and third rate. Intellect and culture are taboo in those countries, and their great masters are living in exile. In this country now, contemporary writers are showing a great consciousness of war and the economic and social causes thereof.

War in the Twentieth Century also informs us how the War of 1939, or the second part of the World War began, of the Treaty Diplomacy since 1918 of economy in war time and of propaganda. The economy during the War of 1914 is compared with economy today. As to propaganda, the author seems to feel that in order to be effective today, propaganda will have to be much more subtle than during the War of 1914.

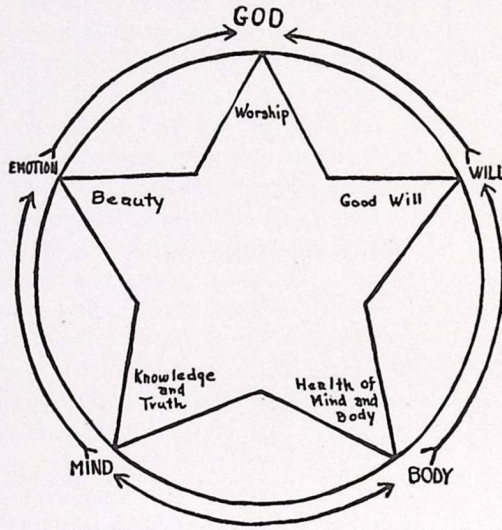
This book shows the development of the World War, from the secret plots and treaties prior to the war, through the treaties and after effects, on to the continuation of the World War, which we are now witnessing. It is written in detail, with many footnotes and references, and requires much thought and study on the part of the reader. Although it is not what might be termed easy reading, it is very enlightening and profitable.



S.T.C. Echoes

YOUR STAR OF LIFE

Prof. Hermon Horn of New York University



• • •

RABBI LEVI A. OLAN: Education should teach us not to know but to live. . . .

(Speaking of progressive education) — The teacher walks in and asks the class, "What, if anything, would you like to learn to-day?" . . .

In Germany you don't need a mind; you don't have to be able to think. As a matter of fact, if you can think it's a handicap. . . .

The war is useless. After it is over, there will be no change because the people will still be the same. . . .

• • •

At the observation of Dr. Averill's twenty-fifth anniversary as a member of the faculty of The State Teachers College at Worcester:

Eighteen .

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DR. ASPINWALL: Our faculty will always remember him for his brilliant scholarship, great intellectual talents, successful teaching, and sterling character. . . .

PRESIDENT CARPENTER: There is no material way in which we may express our loyalty to him. . . .

DR. AVERILL: She is the power behind the throne. . . .

• • •

CAPT. GEORGE CROSS: Only in America are youngsters brought up to hate no one. . . .

Only one other place in the world can equal the beauty of New England in the fall. . . .

• • •

Zipper Civilization

They tell me we've progressed
But, honestly I can't see how we've been blessed
With a civilization of time-saving devices
That are the cause of all my minor vices.
Like this pin and hook elimination
For the zipper's luring perpetuation.
The zipper, as temperamental as a red-haired shrew,
Never zips when I want it to.
And when to my ears there comes the bus's din,
I just resort to the good old safety pin.

Okay, laugh at warming pans and wooden pegs
And two tonged forks and covered legs,
Lead your dizzy pace and call it "fun,"
Rack your brains to save time and when that's done,
And there's nothing left of us but dust,
(Now call me Cassandra if you must)
Our progeny shall laugh to find
The rusty little zipper we've left behind
"Ah, what fools they were," they'll say
"To zip their time away."

Esther Lipnick, '43

A La Melancolie

[Written after a study of Chateaubriand's life and works].

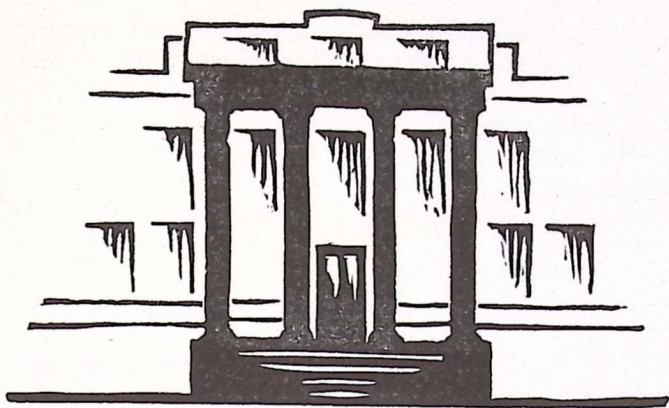
Why dost thou wend thy way from morn till night
 Into my labor, my love, my every plight?
Like a shade thou hov'rest o'er my troubled head,
 Thy footsteps pursuing where'er I'm led.

At eve thou enchantest the silv'ry moon
 As of stars thou moldest the jewels of June,
When Heaven serene descends with gaze so forgiving . . .
 Ah! 'Tis then I sense the precious charm of living!

In Nature thy soulful presence abounds
 'Mid rock-studded streamlets, 'mid slowly-aging towns,
Autumn, in ever-changing beauty, flaunts thy crest
 As vari-tinted leaflets fall peacefully to rest.

Beside me thou lingerest where'er I roam,
 On foreign shores — in France — our home
And from my moods thy haunt will never part,
 Thou only solace and comfort of my heart!

Edith A. Manzi, '41



W. S. T. C.
We're Saying On This Campus

Those of us who have been keeping an eye on what goes on outside during class (and who hasn't at one time or another?) are very proud of the pheasants who seem to enjoy the educational atmosphere. If you look closely, perhaps you will be fortunate enough to see them in the woods beyond the parking lot or down by the campus pond.

* * *

Dr. Dalrymple was discussing higher education, and the necessity for continued study by employed teachers. "Most of you want better jobs eventually," he declared. "Surely you don't want to marry your first job."

"I'm not so sure of that," murmured a member of the class. "I might want to — if he were very good-looking."

We are growing more accustomed to the sight of boys walking about the school, but to upperclassmen it is still sufficiently novel to allow for the following incident.

Betty Brigham had outlined an extremely interesting lesson plan in English composition for junior high school pupils, basing the work on letters of application for the position of airplane stewardess.

"Very good," commented Miss Holden, when Betty had finished reading the plan aloud, "but what are you going to do with the boys?"

Betty looked up, puzzled. "The boys," she said. "Oh yes, the boys." Then, as a light broke over her face, she exclaimed, "Why, I had forgotten that there were boys in schools!"

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The Junior Elementary division had its first teaching experience when it took charge of the activities of the first grade of May Street School, which visited the College one morning; according to all reports, the girls did a very fine job. They also learned a good deal about child psychology, as when one youngster confided to his "teacher" who was leading a game in the gym, "I'd much rather slide around on this nice big floor than play any silly old game."

* * *

Speaking of children, we must admit that the group entertained at the Christmas party was one of the most cooperative we have ever had. The party was very original, and both guests and hostesses seemed to enjoy it immensely. Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy (Sheila Walsh and Kathleen Sweeney) created such a sensation that a repeat performance at chapel has been suggested, and even faculty members remarked that Mary O'Neil as the angel looked genuinely transparent. Future Santa Clauses among us learned from Dr. Farnsworth not to ask children what they want before distributing the gifts, for what can you do with a little boy who does not want to accept a mechanical toy only a few minutes after he has given Santa explicit directions for a bicycle?

* * *

Anyone in need of a safety pin can

apply to Betty Smith, who always has an ample supply and is very eager to oblige. However, there is a string attached to Betty's pins — she keeps strict account of their whereabouts and insists that each one be returned. The mystery behind all this is that Betty's pins carry a special brand of good luck with them, and she has kept her collection intact for some time.

* * *

In the course of his introduction of the Debating Club panel discussion on American armament, John Melia hesitated for some time in the midst of the phrase, "Hitler and his . . . followers." We think so too, John, even if you can't say it.

* * *

New England weather is changing. For the first time in years we have had no snow for Christmas. Who knows? Perhaps we shall have no rain for May Day!

* * *

If Mr. Jones notices suspicious-looking upperclassmen lingering about the open door while his world affairs class is in session, he will understand that the sophomores, juniors, and seniors are beginning to look to their laurels since the freshmen ran away with all the honors in the International Relations Club current events question program. But we wonder — could the fact that a freshman asked the questions have had anything to do with it?

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One of those rare students who has time to read a book of her own accord was discussing Christopher Morley's best seller, *Kitty Foyle*, and was telling classmates that she did not understand why the book was publicized as being so notorious.

"Didn't it corrupt your morals?" teased a listener.

"No more than they were!" returned the reader.

* * *

It may be rather late to discuss Senior Week, but we think that the use of incense to create atmosphere for *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* deserves a mention. Another clever bit of stage business was the producing of society's Blue Book by Barbara McQuade. Students were highly gratified to note that it was none other than our own blue-covered handbook.

* * *

One of our Juniors set out for her annual high-school reunion with a light heart and a lighter step, but returned with a decided case of rheumatism. A high school student had welcomed her in the corridor. "Did you get out this June?" she was asked.

"No," replied our Junior.

"Last June?" came the hopeful query.

"No. The year before."

The inquisitor was overawed. "Gee!" was all she could manage.

The freshmen were so busy drawing diagrams of the digestive system of the frog that they did not notice that the period was over until startled back to reality by Miss Scribner's calm request, "Will you girls please pass in your anatomies?"

* * *

"I wonder why my hair is getting darker," said a blonde student as she surveyed herself in the locker-room mirror. "Do you think it could be because I stayed out late every night during vacation?"

"No, Shirley darling," purred a friend. "It gets lighter toward morning."

* * *

Hay Fever chalked up another triumph for the Dramatic Club, and lived up to the high standard set by the plays of the past three years. Four of our girls returned the visit of the Clark University actors by taking part in the Clark production of *Macbeth*.

* * *

There are many geniuses in this world, and S.T.C. has added to the list a student who reads her textbooks backwards, beginning with the last chapter. "Then I don't have to subtract to find how many pages I have left to do," she explains.

* * *

Estelle Larava has been seen wearing flat-heeled shoes. What can we expect next?

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Genevieve Antoniewicz is a materialist, to say the least. Her philosophy of life is, "Money isn't everything. Health is the other two per cent."

* * *

Louise Frodigh, dressed in typical college outfit of wool slipon, pastel skirt, and white collar, arrived at school the first morning of Junior Week and innocently inquired, "Does anyone know what the Juniors are wearing this week?"

Turning, she saw a Junior in a costume exactly like hers. And, in another moment, she was surrounded by Juniors, each in pastel skirt and sweater, and each with a little white collar at the neck. Over-

whelmed, Louise beat a hasty retreat to her locker to get a jacket. "At least with this, people may suspect I'm a senior!" she exclaimed.

* * *

We were regretting the loss of the two grassy mounds in the front of the school, and were wishing that at least a May queen could have been crowned in front of the pretty little evergreen, when we were roused from our regretful dreams by the practical question, "How should you have liked to mow the grass on those little hills?" We are still mourning for the hillocks, but of course when you come right down to it, level ground *does* have its advantages.



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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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Editorials

A Reconnaissance

WORCESTER STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE has recently been awarded an honor singular in the State of Massachusetts. We are the first to be accredited by the American Association of Teachers Colleges. For several years, Dr. William B. Aspinwall, President Emeritus, had been working toward this end. In 1921, he served as chairman for the Committee of Principals, concerned with the four-year course, and of the Massachusetts Schoolmasters Club. At that time the four-year course was initiated at Worcester, and the first degree was granted in June, 1922. Latin and French were introduced into the curriculum, and majors were established in these subjects and in English and History. As the number of degrees per year increased, the percentage of diplomas granted gradually declined, but until 1937, students were still receiving diplomas for shorter courses.

In spite of the fact that degrees were being granted from June, 1922, it was not until 1932 that the name of our school was changed to the State Teachers College, since it was necessary to wait until all the State Normal Schools should be eligible for the title.

In 1933, the privilege was given us of forming at our school a chapter of the national honorary society in education, Kappa Delta Pi. It is a significant fact that ours is the only State Teachers College in New England which has yet been so honored. In order to meet the requirements for formation of a chapter of this society, every college must have a very highly trained faculty, excellent scholastic standards, and must provide further evidence of general standards sufficiently high to command national recognition.

We may, therefore, say that in all but a few details our school has met the requirements of the American Association of Teachers Colleges for several years. In September, an application was made to this committee to consider us for accredited membership. Many lengthy reports were made; a representative of the Committee, Dr. Rockwell from Buffalo, visited us and made a very favorable report of his findings. Shortly afterwards, President Carpenter appeared before the Committee in Atlantic City. February 22, the news reached us that we had become accredited. Of the two hundred and fifty state teachers colleges in the United States, one hundred and fifty-one are now accredited.

Thus, in retrospect, we may take just pride in the progress of our school since its establishment in 1874. We have two national honors unique in the

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State, of which one is unique in New England. We have a faculty known throughout the State for its excellent qualifications for preparing students to teach. We have a library which meets the requirements of the American Association of Teachers Colleges. We have a modern building and a campus ideally located and significant for its beauty. Shall we, therefore, rest on our laurels, secure in the knowledge that the course has been won, the victory attained? Justly, we may enjoy our success; but success involves responsibility. We must consider it a challenge, urging us on to work even harder and more loyally to advance educational ideals.

Congratulations

Florence Newfield, '42

THE SECOND ANNUAL CIVIC DRAMA TOURNAMENT is over, and the production staff, headed by Dr. Averill, may well rest on its highly deserved laurels. The programs were carried off smoothly, and the entire affair was so successful, that to the outsider it looked like a very simple matter; to the actual worker, it was far from being that. However, the results, the audience reaction, the complimentary remarks still being heard about the city, and the year-in-advance reservations for season tickets put in by several visitors, have made the over-worked staff, and especially Dr. Averill, feel that it was all well worthwhile, and well worth doing again next year.

The suggestion for a civic drama tournament came from Mrs. Averill when she was speaking on *Drama* before the Literary Club in the fall of 1939. She was discussing amateur productions in the West, where state colleges are a center of theatricals, and incidentally observed that it might be interesting for our college to undertake the sponsorship of a drama tournament, an event formerly carried on by the Worcester Drama League with which Mrs. Averill was associated as conductor of an annual play-writing contest. The idea intrigued the girls, who wanted to hear more about it, and the result was the first Civic Drama Tournament in the spring of 1940, sponsored by the Literary and Dramatic Clubs with Dr. Averill at the helm.

In the Drama League contest, the judges viewed the individual performances of each contestant and selected the best three to produce their plays for the finals. In our contest, each group is given a chance to play before the tournament audience, and the judges see all the plays within a short period of time. Dr. Averill is very careful to select out-of-town judges to insure impartial awards; he was very much pleased to have Mr. Haven Powers, principal of the Leland Powers School of the Theatre, volunteer to act as a judge this year after hearing about last year's productions.

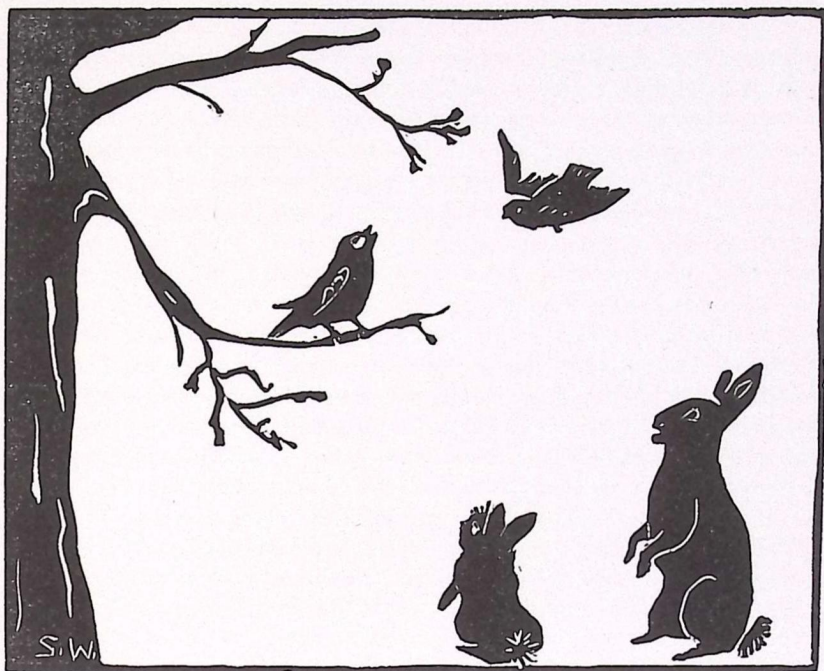
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The trials and tribulations of a Hollywood producer may be great, but they can hardly exceed those of our own producer. Hollywood has to deal with temperamental stars, but Dr. Averill had entire troupes to replace because of unsurmountable difficulties which prevented their appearance. Securing entrants was merely a matter of reams of correspondence, in which the students were able to do much of the work but when the draft unexpectedly called for the leading men of three groups, a short time before the contest, Dr. Averill had a real problem. He admits that for a few days before the contest he was afraid to answer the telephone, for fear that another amateur star had been drafted. But he did find companies to step in and take the places of those who had been forced to withdraw, though he had to work hard on the project up to the last minute; he breathed a sigh of relief when the Y.W.C.A. Fireside Players agreed to appear only two hours before the Friday night performance.

A producer's headaches do not end so easily, however. He had to search the town for spotlights used by the winning players, the Albert Hall group, in their excellent production of Percival Wilde's *Dawn*. He even had to hurry home at 1:30 on Saturday to secure an iron for a lady-performer who had bundled her costume into a box and forgotten what it would look like when removed. Detail after detail crowded up, but all were taken care of smoothly and efficiently, and Dr. Averill's beaming face as he awarded the cups was ample proof of his satisfaction with the results.

Rehearsals and properties were other problems to be faced. Dale Andersen and her stage committee spent the whole week before the tournament at school, introducing players to our stage and seeing to it that they knew everything about arrangement. Margaret Ackley's property committee, too, had to swing into action after each play, and the girls admit that they could now apply for positions as furniture-movers and "cleaner-uppers" even when prospective employers demand experience. Everyone worked hard and loved doing it, a fact which speaks well for the anticipated success of the Third Annual Civic Drama Tournament in 1942.





Moonlight Sonata

His magic genius, inspiring notes
Flow in a heart-rending minor key,
And lift the soul to heights eternal
That the eye can never see. . . .

I, while playing, closed my eyes
My fingers searching, finding, found
A melody, sad and lingering,
Expressive of my soul, profound.

Paulina Shawmut, '44.

My Country . . .

Esther Lipnick, '43

HELENE, ma cherie, hold the line un moment, s'il vous plait. The radio it is playing so loud. What is it? Oh, some patriotic chanson. Yes . . .

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee . . ."

There, now we can talk. Why did I turn it off? But, darling, it was disturbing our *tete-a-tete*. You want to hear more of it? All right, cherie. I never knew that you were so patriotic.

"Land of the Pilgrim's pride;"

I agree with you that one should be, but, . . . My dear, I'm not talking like an expatriate. In fact I hate the word. Expatriate! Just because I lived in France for fifteen years doesn't mean that I don't love my country. After all, I was born here, my mother before me, and my grandmother and great-grandmother — cherie. Did you know that I was a daughter of the American Revolution? Why, that makes all the difference in the world. Cherie, that means that my flesh and blood fought to make this an independent nation. Ah, *la liberte*! What did you say? So that I could go tramping over to foreign countries? Ha, ha. Darling, you make me chuckle. Ha, ha, quelle idee!

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills . . ."

What? You wish that I'd speak English? Cherie, I forget that you're not too well acquainted with French. You know one gets in the habit of talking French to the servants, and hairdressers, and bellboys, and concierges and it's really hard to break yourself of a fifteen year old habit, *n'est-ce pas*? You shouldn't be discouraged though. Really I was an awful mess when I first went across. Couldn't speak a word and my accent was "*si, si americain*." It took me weeks to say the Parisian "R". You speak German, don't you, dear? Well, you know their awful guttural "ch" sound. Cherie, it's the first cousin of the Parisian "R". Yes, darling, you ought to find yourself a nice little French tutor; it's never too late to learn. Why, I attended the same classes as my daughter did at the Sorbonne. Which daughter? My daughter Jeanne, the duchess!

"Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;"

Oh, haven't you heard? Yes, she married a duke. Where did we pick him up? Oh, Helene, you're so bluntly American! It was so very romantic. We discovered him in our own front yard, so to speak, in Normandy. His

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ancestral estate was vis-a-vis our home and when Jacques, that's our gardner, told us that the Duke La Fontanin was visiting his estate, we lost no time in getting acquainted. That is, don't misunderstand me, I had Jeanne meet him accidentally in the garden, and invite him to dinner. They were married at the end of that same week. Wasn't that luck — marrying a duke? Of course, my Jeanne is no plain girl; in fact, she's beautiful enough for a king, but much, too much too young! What does he do? Cherie, quelle question! He's a duke!

"Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;"

Crumbling aristocracy? Yes, isn't it tragic? I love royalty. There is something about them that makes you want to bow and kiss their hand when they enter a room. Am I silly, cherie? Really, I believe that I was born a century too late. I would have loved court life. The glamour of it, the scintillating, cosmopolite society, luxurious castles and handsome knights and ladies, with nothing to do but act like a lady! Oui, cherie, dreams thwarted!

"Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;"

The ghost of French nobility appealing to my day-dreamer complex? How quaintly you put it. But, I'm sure you're entirely wrong, darling. You see, I understand the French. Now don't misunderstand me, I love my country. But, cherie, I'd simply die of ennui over here. It's still so very bourgeois and vulgar when compared to my belle France. It's like a termagant wife beside a jeweled old matriach. Merci, cherie. Yes, all my friends say that I ought to write. Perhaps, some day, my memoirs. It's quite fashionable to do that now, I understand. But, I don't know; I have a bit of modesty, unfortunately. Perhaps that's generations of Yankee ancestry taking revenge? Darling, how funny!

"Land where my fathers died—"

But, it's my intellectual curiosity that was really satisfied in France. Cradle of world culture! Rendezvous of the literati! You never knew that I had been so intellectually starved in America? Cherie, no! But, in France, there was so much, so much. When I strolled along the Champs Elysses I used to say to myself, "Here, here once walked Victor Hugo, and Daudet, and Maupassant, and Voltaire! Oh, Paris,—the Louvre, my Madeleine, Notre Dame, Pantheon, and those darling little sidewalk cafes, and the Rue de Rivoli! Do you know whom I discovered there? The best little couturiere and so inexpensive! Darling, I must confess, I was very selfish and kept her a secret! She created almost my entire wardrobe and you know how I always was le dernier cri.

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"My native country thee,"

Yes. That was a sigh I uttered for all things past. For Saturday night soirees, for the basking warmth of the Riviera, for our apple trees in Normandy, for the little fishing hamlets in rocky Brittany, the scent of oeillets at Cannes and, darling, another confession—the mineral waters at Vichy? It's my liver. They say Dr. Van Horn's liver shots work miracles. Who knows? One has to make adjustments. Perhaps I shall give Saratoga a try.

"Thy name I love;"

What are you saying! How do I know how long this inferno will last? Vraiment, you'd never say "Why didn't you stay there", if you saw half of what's going on, or was when I fled. Blackouts. Hospitals teeming with wounded soldiers. Jacques, our gardener, in uniform. Wives with pinched faces and the frightened faces of children. Ah, blast those Germans with their blitzkriegs, luftwaffes, and lack of sense! Blacking out all the French joie de vivre!

"My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above."

Oh, Helene! Me, drive an ambulance truck for the French! At my age! And think of the danger. After all, it's their war and if I have but one life, why should I give it to a foreign country! Cherie, you forget that this is my country. . . .

• • •

Dearest Love

Gertrude Hunt, '43

THINKING? That's dangerous. Let's not think today. You and I, Anne, let us dream together of the days — the warm days when we sat together under the willow by the deep, wild stream,—the silent days when we rested and I read to you.

Anne, I love you. Do you hear me, Anne? I love you. I love your way of listening,—your eyes demure and your lashes shadowing,—moth's wings against your cheek. I love the proud-swept line of hair that rushes backward from your forehead.

Your eyes are beautiful, gray black . . . gray black like your soul, Anne. I should hate to look upon your soul. It must be a blackened mass, marred and scarred . . . a shapeless mass, marred and scarred.

And yet, you are a fever to me. This I shall tell you now, when it no longer matters. Thy beauty is to me as is the first stroke of dawn to a starless night. Thy beauty tears at my soul, as the wind tears and shreds a cloud.

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Anne, Anne, do you remember that day by the waters, the deep, wild waters when I read to you? Do you remember that day by the waters, the deep, wild waters, when I told you I loved you?

You laughed, Anne. I could see your lips, red snakes squirming, when you laughed. I could see the cold, sharp glint of your teeth when you laughed. I looked up at you. Behind your silhouette, the sky was harshly red.

Red — red — red was all around me. Blood and scarlet hues, torn by jagged laughter, drowned me. You were black against the sky,—a mass of black with red behind you.

A devil out of hell.

You shouldn't have laughed, Anne,—that was unwise. You laughed, who were wise in the ways of all men.

You shouldn't have spoken, Anne. Your words rushed on like the waters beside me. Your voice with angled words that scraped my nerves and fell into my quivering mind. You said, "Be still! Be still! How dare you speak to me of love!" And you laughed when you said you hated me . . . hated my ugliness . . . hated my face . . . hated and loathed the twisted thing I was.

You laughed, Anne. I could have borne anything but your laughter. The deep, sweet stream rushed on beside me, rushing, rushing,—until it seemed to turn its course into my mind, whirling, roaring, in my head.

The waters are soft and warm, Anne, my love.

Why do you look at me so, my dearest love?

I can see my reflection in your eyes — twisted face, marred and scarred,—twisted shape, marred and scarred.

I can see the waters in your eyes,—whirling, roaring in your eyes.

Why do you struggle, Anne, my life, my love? Death is sweet to me. Why do you think it bitter, Anne, my life, my death.

* * *

How cold you are, Anne. Cold and still. Why cold, Anne? the waters are warm. Why still, Anne? the waters are pulsing.

I hold your body in my arms. My love for you, my hate for you burns fierce within me.

I hold you in my arms at last. You are mine alone, at last. I can hear the waters, the river pounding in my ears — louder, louder,—drumming in my ears — pulsing in my veins — beating in my mind.

I feel the deep, wild waters, the deep, sweet waters rush me onward toward emptiness.

"Or Live Without Roses"

To the Editor of the QUARTERLY REVIEW:

By the tone of the letters recently published in your column, it seems that we Americans are very much confused by the present world situation and its significance to us. I myself have shared in this general confusion until I determined with concentrated effort to clarify the issues in my own mind. The recent fall of Bulgaria and the massing of German soldiers near the borders of Greece have finally convinced me.

The ideas prevalent are these: there is a war going on, unjustifiable, calculated, a war of conquest. We are not in this war at present, and some of us see no reason for getting into it at all, but some feel that our ultimate involvement is inevitable. Others believe that we can sit tight, and watch all of Europe brought under the Nazi heel with no serious threat to our free position in this hemisphere. These people fear that our continued aid to England will bring us into a war not of our making, or of our concern. They say that we should try to come to terms with the victor, whoever he may be. In a way, I have till now subscribed to this idea, because I felt that our present course was leading us toward a war which instead of saving our democracy would ruin it. However, I have now come to the conclusion that we shall never preserve democracy by aping the ostrich. And why do I come to this point of view?

Just consult a map of Europe. Where are the free countries of yesterday? Spain is fascist; Italy is fascist; France, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Luxembourg, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria, Rumania, Bulgaria, all have fallen to the conqueror; Ragnarok, the day for the final battle between the forces of Good and Evil, is at hand. Will the gods be destroyed? England and Greece are fighting for their very lives. Whether they will survive or not depends upon our help. Russia plays a waiting game, and Japan pushes on in China. All right. Let us not help England; we owe her nothing. So she, too, falls. China falls, Greece falls. In all the world the United States remains one democracy surrounded by the Fascist host. Now to those who can complacently visualize the United States in this situation I address these words. Can Hitler stop when he has all of Europe subjugated, crushed? Will he rest to see one lone democracy still surviving? You say he cannot invade our shores, but yet we have our Bund camps, Silver Shirts, "Christian" Fronts, *and* common ordinary citizens who say, "Maybe Hitler has got something there at that; he gets results." What kind of life can we lead hemmed in on all sides by hostile forces? What a war of nerves we shall face! Continual army service will be the lot of our men; military dictatorship might have to be

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established. Spy-baiting will run riot; we shall have our informers, our espionage and counter-espionage agents, censorship, committees for public safety. What will happen to our high standard of living? We shall be rationed and regimented; no luxuries will be made, for all our resources will have to be concentrated on war supplies. And yet it is written, "Man cannot live by bread alone." Imagine American life of hard bread and soup, no roses in our future life, no music but the call of the bugle, and the thud of soldier feet. Oh shades of Patrick Henry!

A miserable picture I paint, you say; our shores cannot be invaded. Then if that is true, why not help England now to the greatest extent, for they need money and supplies, not men; we would not have to nor should we send our men abroad. We would not declare war; but if war were declared upon us, it would hardly be worse than the conditions I have described, since our shores cannot be invaded.

We must make up our minds now, or forever live without roses.

AUGUSTA COPPER, '43.

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Recent Additions To Our Library

NOTE.—The following is a mere sampling of the many books which have been added to our library since February, 1941. There are many more which you might find very useful if you were aware of their accessibility. We suggest that you consult the list on the bulletin board in the library.

- Blair, Niles—*The James River*.
Caroll, H. A.—*Genius In the Making*.
Daiches, David—*The Novel and the Modern World*.
Hitler, Adolphe—*My Battle*.
Hudson, W. H.—*Green Mansions*.
Lucas, E. V.—*Lemon Verbena and Other Essays*.
Maurois, Andre—*Tragedy In France*.
Millet, Fred B.—*Contemporary American Authors*.
Peattie, Roderick—*Geography In Human Destiny*.
Peterson, H. C.—*Propaganda For War*.
Rawlings, Marjorie Kinnans—*The Yearling*.
Repplier, Agnes—*Eight Decades*.
Roberts, W. Adolphe—*The Caribbean*.
Sitwell, Osbert—*Escape With Me!*
Taylor, Edmund—*The Strategy Of Terror*.
Timperley, H. J.—*Japanese Terror In China*.
Willard, Walter—*War In the Twentieth Century*.



Day Dream

I dream — I dream of springtime over there
Where fields are battlescarred and bare,
And think — that even there, there must be one—
Just one small spot which knows some sun.
I dream — that violets shall always grow
In spite of war, of guns, of foe.

Anne McAuliffe, '43.

Book Reviews

Native Son

Evelyn Adams, '41

OUT OF THE REALMS of obscurity Richard Wright has risen to win the fellowship awarded to him by the Guggenheim Committee. Since he is one of them, he is truly qualified to describe the emotions of the negro accurately. Henry Seidel Canby said in his review of the Book-of-the-Month: "It is certainly the finest novel as yet written by an American negro."

The mind, emotions, and prejudices of a negro under the stress of a difficult social situation is the theme of this authentic novel. It reveals the minor episodes in our age of speed which have led Bigger, "a bad nigger," to be carried along the wrong channel of life to his final unhappy fate. Bigger is the oldest son of a family of three children. His family is as good a one as can be expected in an environment where morals are low and street corner gangs are common. Bigger is mean, ignoble, and base. He is a liar and a thief. He becomes a chauffeur for a wealthy philanthropist who is very charitable toward the negro race. Mary Dalton, the frivolous daughter of Bigger's employer, is so inebriated one evening that Bigger is required to carry her to her room. Mr. Wright stresses the fact, however, that the ensuing murder of Mary was unpremeditated. Bigger burns her body in the furnace to leave no trace of the crime. His next murder is that of his girl friend, whom he kills lest she complicate matters for him. The outstanding action comes with Bigger's confession, in which he tells of the causes which have aroused hate in him. It is his sense of inferiority which has led him to attempt aggressive acts against Society.

Each character portrayed on any one of the three hundred fifty-nine pages represents a clear picture of an individual who may at some time have crossed our own paths. Perhaps a Victorian reader would never have believed this story, which deals with such an unpleasant side of life; yet we moderns, following the realistic trend, read it with absorption, but with much disquiet.

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The Heritage of Hatcher Ide

Ruth McCurn, '43

By Booth Tarkington

BOOTH TARKINGTON has done it again. This master craftsman has once more produced a novel which compares most favorably with any of those which has written in the past and which have been received by the

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American public with such consistent enthusiasm.

At the age of seventy-two, Mr. Tarkington is anything but old in spirit; yet he does possess and utilize a certain mellow maturity, the accumulation of years rich in intellectual and spiritual growth, in his shrewd interpretation of the American scene during the "threatening Thirties."

The humor, so characteristic of some of his works, particularly his charming *Penrod* and *Little Orvie* books, is not lacking here, but it is of incidental rather than primary importance. *The Heritage of Hatcher Ide* has too much to say to spare much time for sheer comedy.

In some respects, the book is reminiscent of Lewis' *Babbitt*, in that it depicts a middle class family in any moderately prosperous mid-western city. It differs in that there is more social significance and less emphasis on characterization. But don't let the fact that the book has a social flavor frighten you. There is an absorbing story, told by a superb story-teller, which will retain your interest, despite the fact that a "message" is included.

Hatcher Ide is a young Galahad, fresh out of college, faced with the difficult problem of making a place for himself in a society, which because of the demon Depression, apparently can find no use for his rather negligible talents. Hatcher comes from the "best people." "The Ides, a broad-shouldered, strong stock, had qualifications — caution in the handling of money, especially in the handling of other people's money; they were of immaculate probity, had quiet foresightedness and a sense of honor that was a known and quoted standard for their fellow-citizens."

But even the "best people" sometimes find themselves struggling to maintain their respected positions. So it is with the firm of Aldrich and Ide. Although Hatcher senses the trouble, he is powerless to help his distraught father who feels he cannot confide in his son. The tension is increased when the young man falls in love with Sarah Florian, a rich, selfish woman, much older than he, who is really interested, not in Hatcher, but in his sensitive and kindly Uncle Victor.

Proving the maxim that "it's always darkest before the dawn," matters proceed from bad to worse. Hatcher fails to set the world on fire with his scheme to revitalize the real-estate business, that business almost flounders, and jolly Harry Aldrich takes the coward's way out of a situation he cannot face. As Mr. Ide's partner, he had made use of funds not his own in order to give to his pretty wife the things he so passionately desired for her, and as so often happens, his plans miscarried so that he could not make up the deficit.

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Fortunately, rather miraculously in fact, Uncle Victor comes to the rescue with the necessary money, which, though too late to save Harry Aldrich, does rescue Frederic Ide from inevitable disgrace and imprisonment.

Through this turmoil, and at last partially because of it, Hatcher comes to the realization that the world does not necessarily owe him a living, but that its problems, awesome as they appear to be, are not unsurmountable. He faces rather bitterly Mrs. Florian's shallow insincerity, and even accepts philosophically the marriage of his childhood sweetheart, Darcy Aldrich, to the son of another of the town's "best families."

There is considerable philosophy throughout the entire book. We perceive it through all the characters, but particularly through the rather detached attitude of Victor Linley, a gentleman of the old school, who constantly claims that hard times are good for youth, that man grows wiser through adversity.

The ending isn't exactly a happy one — after all, Hatcher does lose the girl — but the main problems have been solved, and there is the tentative promise of calmer seas to sail in the future.

When the book is finished, there is the feeling that a new friend has been made, that the soul of the real Hatcher Ide, as representative of the American college man, has been bared to us.

Booth Tarkington, with his customary artistry, has painted another indelible picture to add to his already famous galaxy.

• • •

Passive Voice

Now that our world in strange confusion being
Lives in uncertainty, an endless plain
Deep in a winter that no spring may follow,
Levels of shadow where no sun has lain—
All that dark can bring is blackness,
All that quiet can weep are fears.
Even terror may be part of custom;
Even bitterness will bear with years;
Yet — can the darkened spirit
Forget that it saw the sun?
Dear God, does the newly-blinded
Accept that his day is done?

Elizabeth DeWitt, '41.

Red Checkered Wings

Christine Flynn, '43

Plot Suggestions by Frances Buxbaum

Characters: Mrs. Minnie Winton, grandmother.
Mrs. Harvard, her friend.
Sue Winton, the daughter-in-law.
Charles Winton, Jr., Sue's son.
Sonny Banks, Charles's chum.
Time: The present.

PROLOGUE

Ten years before the first scene opens, Charles and Sue Winton, newly married, had left Derby to make their home at Wright Field, an airplane manufacturing suburb of New York. Charles was an electrical engineer and also a pilot. Sometimes he made test flights for extra money. Sue consented to them but not enthusiastically.

Charles' mother begged him never to make them; therefore she blamed Sue when Charles was killed during a test flight, leaving his wife and their unborn child. Mrs. Winton grew bitter. She refused to answer any of the letters Sue wrote annually during the succeeding years.

Sue went South to her parents after the accident and stayed until Charles, the son, was two years old. Through her husband's associations at Wright Field, she was given a secretarial position and lived modestly on her salary. Responsibility and grief brought back a tendency to tuberculosis, and she consented to go to a sanatorium for a year. She also believed it was time for Mrs. Winton to know her grandchild.

SCENE ONE

Living room of Mrs. Winton at Derby. She is having tea with Mrs. Harvard. They rock contentedly. It is late winter.

Mrs. Harvard: Minnie, it is wonderful that you are the delegate to the Eastern Star Conference at Philadelphia next fall. I don't know any other woman in the club with the power and skill you show in the Child Study group. You have built it up to a prominent and useful part of our town life. What are you going to tell them?

Mrs. Winton: Nothing they don't already know, I expect. But I should like to put over that children must be allowed to follow their own talents and we should help them. I shall have my paper ready when the time comes.

Mrs. Harvard: Yes, and I hope you can reach them as you have reached us. Look at us! Looking into the future and forgetting about tonight's meeting. Minnie, do get your dress, and I'll sew on the collar and cuffs for you.

Mrs. Winton: (putting cup down) Yes, yes. (She walks thoughtfully to the closet and takes out dress. The door bell rings as she does this.)

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Mrs. Harvard: It is only the postman, Minnie. I'll answer for you.

Mrs. Winton: All right, dear. (Mrs. Winton takes letter as she hands dress to Mrs. Harvard.)

Mrs. Winton: Oh, this is from Sue. She usually writes but once a year and that at Christmas time. Something must be the matter. (Opens letter and reads).

Wright Field, N. Y.

14 Waverly Street

Dear Mrs. Winton,

When little Charles was a baby, I promised myself that I would take him to you one day — after you had recovered from your sadness at his father's death. I did try to make that event come true three years ago, but you never answered my letters. I felt that you did not want to see us, so I respected your silence. I felt, somehow, that you blamed me for what had happened.

Now I am facing a situation in which I must have your help, believe me, please. I am very ill and must go to the sanatorium at Saranac. It will be for a year at least. I cannot bear to place Charles in a home for all that time. I wrote you that my people had passed away.

Will you take him, Mrs. Winton? He is such a sweet boy, cheerful and healthy. If you say you will, and please do, I shall send him to you in a few days. Let us not have Charles lose everyone who loves him.

Sincerely yours,

SUE WINTON

Mrs. Winton: (drops letter, sits motionless, silent).

Mrs. Harvard: (after a few moments) Minnie, you must answer this time.

SCENE TWO

One Week Later.

Sue's apartment. Mother and son are having supper on a dainty paper cloth.

Sue: Come, Charles, eat your supper, dear. . . . I'm sorry about the ginger bread, but I just couldn't make it tonight. (Charles eats his bread and soup quietly.)

Charles: All right, Mother, this is fine.

Sue: You'll like it at Grandmother's. She is a nice old lady and, of course, she stays home all day and can make you all the ginger bread you want. Be nice to her, Charles. She has been so lonely. She missed Daddy so much when we moved away. You be a little man to her, just as you are to me. . . . Be a good boy and study hard, too, when you are in Derby, just as you do here.

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Charles: Yes, Mother.

(They both clear the table. Charles then sits down to study. She coughs a little as she closes trunks and bags and assembles his things. Then she walks over to him.)

Sue: Go to school as usual tomorrow morning, and we'll have our lunch here together, just like a holiday. (She kisses the back of his head and walks out of the room, then calls back:)

Sue: Mr. Walker will be here at two o'clock for you.
(Charles continues at his books.)

SCENE THREE

Two Months Later.

Grandmother's kitchen. She is getting supper. Sonny Banks is waiting for Charles, out on an errand. They are going to Scout meeting together.

Sonny: Say, Mrs. Winton, my mother has a table cloth just like yours.

Mrs. Winton: Is that so, Sonny. Mine is very old. It was a present and I use it a great deal.

Sonny: You do?

Mrs. Winton: Certainly. Why do you seem so surprised, boy?

Sonny: Well, Mrs. Winton, I am surprised at more than the table cloth.

Mrs. Winton: (very much surprised herself) I wish you would tell me why, Sonny.

Sonny: Oh, it's only what Charles used to tell me at school. He said you were a real country grandmother and used those red checkered table cloths, and you were home all day and cooked heaps of ginger bread for supper. I never had any, but I felt like asking Charles for some lots of times.

Mrs. Winton: Well, bless your heart, is that all?

Sonny: Sure. Charles talked about it so much I thought I'd come up some time when he did not know I was coming, and then maybe I'd get some. You know, being around, and all that.

Mrs. Winton: Yes, that could be.

(They lapse into silence for a moment. The door opens and Charles comes in.)

Mrs. Winton: Hello, Charles. You're just in time for supper, and we have company, too. Come, Sonny, sit over here.

(They eat their bread and soup. Charles is very hungry, but the food does not appeal to him. Sonny eats his, while kindly watching the actions of Charles and his grandmother.)

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Charles: (seeing that Sonny has finished eating) Well, let's go. Be home at eight o'clock, Grandmother.

(They go out. Grandmother slowly and thoughtfully starts to clear table).

SCENE FOUR

Two Weeks Later.

Table is set with red checkered cloth. Mrs. Winton is removing ginger bread from oven. Hums softly a lullaby. Charles walks in with large package.

Charles: Hello, Grandmother.

Mrs. Winton: Hello, Charles.

Charles: Oh, Grandmother, teacher let us take our manual work home for keeps. Would you take it for a present, if you don't mind?

Mrs. Winton: Well, let's look at it.

Charles: Here it is. Just pull the string.

(She unwraps a model airplane and utters a little gasp).

Mrs. Winton: It is well made.

Charles: I love airplanes, Grandma, don't you? Believe me, that's what I'd like to be, a pilot. Boy, wait till I get old enough!

Mrs. Winton: Yes, Charles. I like THIS airplane. Thank you, dear. (She walks slowly to a side table and moves books to make room for the airplane). Wash you hands now and we'll have supper.

(Charles obeys and then sits at table).

Charles: Why, Grandma, you really have one! Just as Mother said.

Mrs. Winton: One what, dear?

Charles: This, this table cloth. And it's like Mother's, too. The one you gave her when they went to Wright Field to live. She used to show it to me sometimes,—rainy holidays when we were home together. She kept it with Daddy's pictures and things.

(Mrs. Winton rises and goes to get gingerbread. She places it on the table).

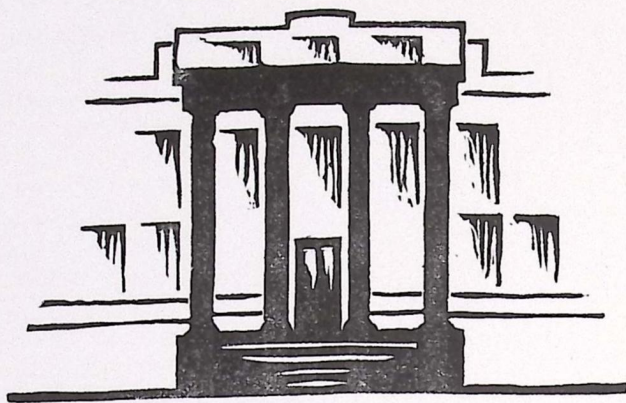
Charles: Grandma! Oh Gee! What a party! You're really what Mother said you were . . . a home lady, I guess it was.

Mrs. Winton: Charles, school is over now. Would you like to see your mother?

Charles: (jumps up and throws arms around Grandmother) Would I? When do we start?

Mrs. Winton: And you could take your airplane to show her?

Charles: Sure thing, Grandma! You bet!



W. S. T. C.

We're Saying On This Campus

One of the requirements in Mr. Osborne's physical science course is that every sophomore must perform a demonstration experiment before the class sometime during the year. Effie Vranos had to work on the principles of refrigeration, an experiment which demands the use of a certain amount of smoke. Now Effie has nothing against smoking — if someone else does it. However, she determined to go through with it, and practised faithfully but unhappily at home the day before. When the time came for the experiment, Effie gritted her teeth; "For the sake of Science!" she muttered, and lighted the fateful cigarette. Effie attributes the result, in which all the smoke somehow found its way back in the wrong direction, to the giggles of her friends; they

think it is inexperience. Suffice it to say that Effie has once more given up smoking.

* * *

Dr. Farnsworth has been including valuable practical economic principles in his economics course, and one of his favorites is the maxim against buying on the installment plan and being in debt for life.

"Installment buying deserves death!" he thundered.

"Don't you think that's a rather extreme point of view?" inquired a worried student.

* * *

Sheila Walsh decided to be the very strict teacher one day when the little boys in the class in which she is apprenticing were unusually naughty, and she sternly informed them that they must all stay after

school to take up the lesson which they had not grasped because of their mischief. She wondered when they complied so willingly, and the penalty lesson went off very smoothly. What was Sheila's chagrin, when she dismissed the group and told them never to be naughty again, to learn that they had enjoyed the work so much that they asked if they mightn't stay longer!

* * *

Another of our apprentices, Laeh Yoffee, commended a little girl for the improvement in her work since acquiring a pair of glasses. The next day an earnest little boy appeared with his father's glasses, which he had quietly appropriated from home. He wanted his work to improve, too.

* * *

We were very proud of the performance of our Dramatic Club while the judges were out making their decision for the Civic Drama Tournament. We had seen the play before, but we would have been more than willing to watch it again, even at that hour. It is a tribute to our performers that many members of the audience, after sitting through a whole evening of dramatics, were heard to say that they wished the club would put the other acts on, also.

* * *

The threat of war makes the American position a common topic

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of discussion among the Juniors at the cafeteria tables during lunch hour. Betty Brigham's contribution to the conversation one day should end all such discussions. "War?" she exclaimed. "Good heavens, no. We haven't got time!"

* * *

One of the Juniors had been feeling particularly grown up the other day, for she was all dressed up in her Sunday best and was going to attend a very uplifting lecture. She stepped onto the trolley, took out her change purse, and searched for a dime, but not finding one, she gave the conductor a quarter. The conductor turned, looked at her, and then, "Tickets?" he inquired.

* * *

We like the report about the little first-grader at May Street School who confided to the officer on duty at the Chandler Street crossing, regarding all the "teachers" at State Teachers College, "They're awfully nice over there. No one is over forty."

* * *

Enid Carlson was conducting a very important business meeting of the Geography Club, for the topic under discussion was the problem of members who do not attend meetings. The decision was to drop from the membership rolls anyone who misses three consecutive meetings without a good reason, such as sickness.

QUARTERLY REVIEW

"How about the girls who are out teaching?" asked a member.

"Apprentices," ruled President Enid firmly, "come in the same class as sick people."

* * *

We were all very much surprised to hear the announcement on the February 22 radio news broadcast, that the State Teachers College had been accredited by the American Medical Association. "And it was all so easy," remarked Franny Hopkins. "Think of all the poor boys who have to go to medical school for eight years before the Medical Association will certify them."

Gladys Walley is becoming rather worried about the increasing violence evident everywhere about us, even in text-books about education and child psychology, for in a single day she happened upon three threatening expressions: to explode a muscle, to prosecute a project, and to execute a problem. Paging Mr. District Attorney!

* * *

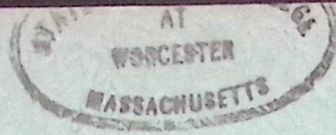
Shirley Albert was giving a report in literature class on one of her favorite poets — Edna St. Vincent Millay. "The nice thing about Miss Millay," began Shirley brightly, "is that she's still alive, and there's only one date to remember."

• • •

Whee-ee-ee-ee

Her voice sends thrilling shivers
Right up and down your spine.
If you don't pay attention
She'll give a crying whine.
She's not a spoiled debbie
Or a motion picture star.
But she's a heartless siren—
Siren on a policeman's car.

Jacob Franklin.



MAY 1941

Quarterly Review

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
AT WORCESTER

Quarterly Review

Volume 7

May 1941

Number 4

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The Quarterly Review

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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MISS ANNABEL C. ROE



MISS ANNABEL C. ROE

Editorials

Miss Roe

WE SENIORS feel that Miss Roe is being graduated with us. We feel honored to include one so scholarly and highly intellectual in our number. We feel that it is very natural for her to leave with us because she seems to belong to the seniors. Every senior class has held her especially beloved. Every senior class has been influenced by her gentleness, her serenity, her inspiring beauty of mind and spirit. But we realize the void which will remain unfilled for the other classes who have shared her love of literature. We seniors shall be able to look back at school years and remember her, part of every term. Succeeding classes will be the ones to feel most keenly her absences.

The QUARTERLY REVIEW staff more than any others in the school will feel unduely cut adrift at first. Every year sees changes in the staff and a new Editor-in-Chief. It is Miss Roe who has been the unifying spirit behind the QUARTERLY, who has tied the years together. She has been the prime force in the magazine, for she has kept the feet of the new staff on sure ground in a venture which at first seems quite a difficult task. She has made the QUARTERLY a publication with a tone and character which staff personalities have been unlikely to dominate. Yet, paradoxically, she leaves the whole question of material, policy, and editing entirely to the staff, with the aid of her much-sought, never-failing suggestions.

Miss Roe deserves far more than thanks for all that she has been and done for us. She deserves peace, health, happiness, and many years of enjoying life as she desires. We can sincerely hope that she will be thus rewarded for her service to youth. We can only give her our thanks and the promise that every one of us will try to live up to the ideals of which she is our inspiration.

This Question of Publications . . .

PROGRESS means change. The colleges of any country are considered fertile ground for advocates of any new and radical philosophy or creed. Many new ideas of personal rights, government, and religion have originated in the fire of enthusiasm with which young students are imbued. Certainly there can be no doubt as to their eagerness to try the new and adventurous. They are not afraid of change; they welcome it. They are constantly looking for improvements to be made in any venture which they undertake. But we must also agree that those students who have regard for future results, who have a broad enough outlook to weigh and consider before taking a far-reaching step, insist on being completely aware of all possible results, both good and bad.

So it is with the staff of the QUARTERLY. We have learned many things in working out the magazine this year. We have enjoyed the responsibility of it, the satisfaction of it, and most of all, the fun of it. But we are not blind to our shortcomings. As each issue has come out, we have realized increasingly what might be done to improve the paper. We wish we had another year in which to work. We feel as though we had slowly and painfully climbed a steep hill and reached the top, but we are marooned there and cannot enjoy the swift run down the other side.

We are in favor of changing and improving the QUARTERLY. But we fail to see the advantage to the College of changing the type of publication. Especially do we fail to see the advisability of substituting a weekly, bi-weekly, or monthly newspaper.

In the matter of practicability, we think a newspaper would not work out in a school the size of ours. A newspaper requires a large staff since the work is quite departmentalized. There must be a sports editor, a social editor, a feature-article editor, a humor editor, all with representatives from the four classes. In the matter of finance an allowance of one hundred dollars per issue is considered the minimum. In a school year of nine months, a minimum allowance of fifteen hundred dollars must be available. This means approximately five times the total cost of issuing a quarterly magazine for a year.

But we are unwilling to think that practicability and finance are the most important aspects of a school publication. Our QUARTERLY is a medium of expression for the students of our school. It provides an outlet for thought from one student, not only to the whole school but to many other colleges and public institutions. The QUARTERLY maintains a system of exchanges

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whereby our magazine appears in the library of colleges all over New England, as well as in the Worcester Public Library. We owe it to our school to make that magazine one which will reflect credit when read by outsiders. It must be a true gauge of the ability of our students to express themselves and of the quality and value of their ideas. Quality is the important consideration in the school publication. In schools of large enrollment, where it is possible to publish both a magazine and a newspaper without taxing the time and energy of any students to excess, the newspaper is a very desirable activity. Where we must choose between the two, how could we consider a newspaper representative of the literary talent and intellectual development of our College? Furthermore, it is our honest opinion that there is not enough news in a school of two hundred students to make a newspaper interesting. The first requirement of a newspaper is the publication of *News*, material which is new to its readers. We do not see how write-ups of intramural sports, club meetings, social affairs, and other extra-curricular activities would be very startling to such a small student body a week or more after their occurrence.

A short time ago delegates at the New York Conference attended a panel of colleges trying to solve their publication problem. Some of the larger schools with an activities fee of fifteen dollars or more allowed their publications two thousand dollars. There were present representatives of several colleges the size of ours. They did not know how to manage any publication on a budget of less than one thousand dollars. As a solution to their problem, our representative explained how we manage our *QUARTERLY*. We were very much pleased to hear the chairman comment that ours seemed to be the ideal way to settle the problem, and also to hear that those colleges are going to try to use the *QUARTERLY* as a guide to their publication for the coming year.

We know that, aided by the cooperation of the student body and faculty, which we have appreciated so much this year, our staff for 1941-2 is going to produce a much improved *QUARTERLY*, but withal, *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW*.



This Book

Dale Anderson, '41

IT is a comparatively easy task to dedicate a book if one has a lazy disposition. He need only write, "This book is dedicated to ———", and call it a day. We see a good many such dedications, and very often we pass them by with little more than a casual glance. Some books have no dedication at all, but it has always seemed to me that if a book is worth writing it deserves a dedication. The following dedications have been collected because they are different from the ordinary type.

Henrik Van Loon dedicates *The Story of Mankind*

"To Jimmie

'What is the use of a book without pictures?' said Alice."

One of Jean Webster's books is inscribed merely, "To You."

A tribute to the foremost authority on Chaucer is this dedication found in *Geoffrey Chaucer* by Lowes:

"To

George Lyman Kittredge

'Myn owene Maister Deere' "

And the following, from *The Voice of England* is self-explanatory:

"To

Isabella Owen Osgood—

for every reason."

A little book by Elbert Hubbard yields one of the "prize" dedications:

"To

Adolph Melzer

Saponissimus Superbus, Gentleman Maximus,

Friend of the Friendless, Voice for the

Voiceless: Lover and Defender of all

Our bothers that run, fly, swim,

Soar, sing, grunt, bleat, baa,

Whinny, cackle, ki-yi,

He-haw, moo, buzz,

Bark and

Meow."

The English critic, John Cournos, pays this tribute to a friend:

"To William Lyon Phelps

That rare thing—

A Gentleman

Whose kindness is herein

Remembered."

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Kenneth Roberts says, in *Northwest Passage*,

"To
Booth Tarkington
Who deserves the credit for the virtues
of this Novel
And is in no way to Blame
for its Faults."

The most unusual dedication of all is from Irvin S. Cobb's new book
Exit Laughing:

"Proposed Assignment of
Joint Interests.
I might inscribe this book to
These surviving mates of long ago,
Namely:

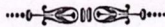
William J. Gilbert	George H. Goodman
(Butch)	(Gee)
Matthew J. Carney	
(Bud)	

or Include among the dedicates
three
Comrades of more latterly days,
to wit:

Gene Buck	A. J. Thompson
Leo Carillo	

But Being the Sort They Are
I'm sure all six cheerfully will transfer their proprietary
rights in this small matter to
My greatly beloved granddaughter
Patrizia Cobb Chapman."

If you are at a loss as to what hobby to pursue, why don't you make a collection of book dedications? Such an activity would constitute a fascinating pastime.





Flight

Elizabeth DeWitt, '41

Like streak of dawn that fades before the sunlight,
Or flashing fin that lights the depths to flee,
Or drifting of a petal that has dropped
Before the heart has begged the mind to see—
A word, a phrase, undreamed of, unimagined,
Can sound the mind to heights—and subside.
The heart grows bitter with the memory of shadows
Of the loneliness that breathed, and breathing, died.

A Theory of People

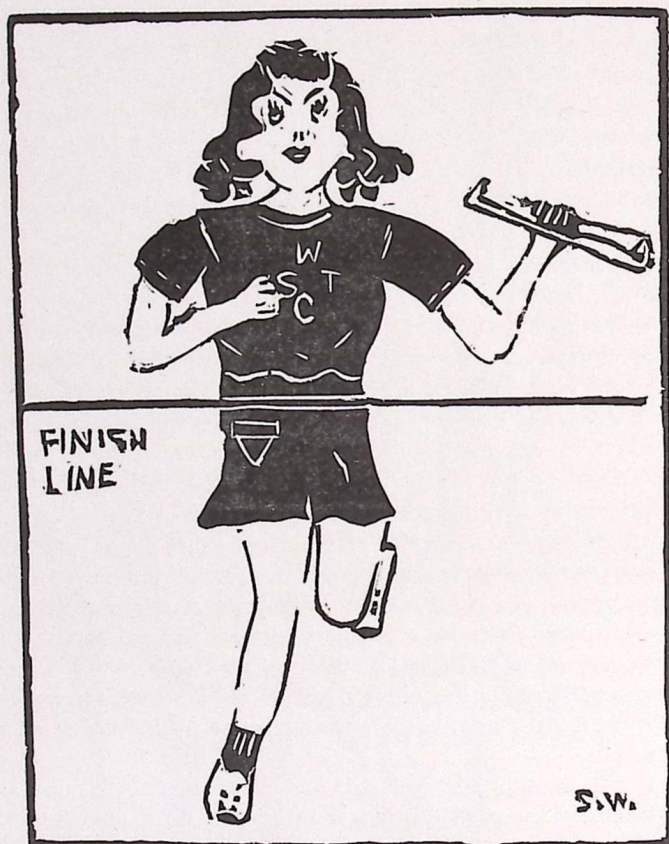
Mary Cashen, '41

I AM no psychologist, and I realize that anyone who is scientifically minded in the field of psychology will have every right to sneer at this favorite theory of mine. But the fallacy of my ideas in this instance does not interest me, although I realize the idiocy of basing one's belief on false premises. The fact remains that, true or false, these ideas have been a plausible solution to many seemingly implausible situations observed in human relations. They have even, on occasion, answered the age-old what-on-earth-can-he-see-in-her-and-vice-versa puzzle.

Many theories divide personalities into two classes. There are extroverts and introverts; leaders and followers; people who can do things with their hands, and those who cannot. My theory is that in every successful human relationship there are two personalities, the adjustor and the person adjusted to. There must be a desire on the part of one person, at least, to make the relationship a pleasant or happy affair. Both persons will have this desire in some cases, but always one will assume the character of adjustor. This may be due to several factors: in one case it may be that early in the relationship one personality gave himself away by yielding in a situation which involved sharp differences; in another case it may be that the adjustor realizes that the best possible relationship depends on his ability to adjust tactfully to the other person; in a third case, the assumption of roles may be entirely unconscious, as when there are a definitely introvert personality and a definitely extrovert personality. Then, the extrovert, who is the leader in general, strangely enough becomes the adjustor because the introvert, more sensitive and moody, is too self-centered, innocently enough, to make the necessary adjustment.

When this adjusted relationship is brought about smoothly, or, better still, unconsciously, the ideal situation is achieved. This is the situation between people who do not know exactly what attracts them to each other, but who find enjoyment, understanding, and stimulation between two opposite personalities. When the adjustment seems hard to make, either because neither person wants to make it, or because neither realizes the need to make it, the situation occurs in which two wonderful people, liked by everyone, find themselves conscious of antipathy.

People are not necessarily typed as adjustors or adjusted-to's. In a friendship with one person *A* may be the adjustor. In friendship with another, she may be completely adjusted to. But I believe that the person who can adjust successfully to the greatest number of people, without in any way becoming a yes-man or a negative quantity, is the person with the most of what we so glibly call personality, and the person who is most likely to be successful.



Exchanges

We quote the following from *The Becker Journal*:

"A certain professor at Ohio State walked into the classroom fifteen minutes late to find the class gone. The next day the students were reprimanded. The professor said his hat had been on the desk and that had been a sign of his presence. Next day the professor again found an empty classroom. On each desk was a hat."

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And haven't we all felt the same way?

"When I was young and very small
I wished to mount a star,
And climb above the earth and all,
And travel very far,
But now I only wish I had,
A brand-new, snappy car.
But I haven't."

(*The Becker Journal*)

* * *

"One hour of each year was set aside during which time the good monks were permitted to speak. When the bell rang, they were to lapse into silence for another year. On this particular occasion one monk rose and proceeded to speak for the entire hour on diverse subjects. When the bell rang, silence was resumed. The long year rolled on until at length the period of free speech was resumed. Without hesitation the same monk arose and said, "As I was saying. . . ."—*The Tomabawk* (Holy Cross).

* * *

We quote from the *B. U. News*:

"Wally hereby presents an analysis of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in an attempt to show all persons who burn to write a best-selling novel what the necessary ingredients are for success.

1. A bridge.
2. A cave.
3. Some people.
4. A war.
5. 1000 gallons of milk.
6. 1000 obscenities.

Mix well, and heat before serving."

* * *

The Appleblossom (Central S.T.C., Michigan) has an interesting article on the books teachers read. Topping the list is *Escape* by Ethel Vance. Following, in order, come *The Grapes of Wrath*, *How Green Was My Valley*, *The Little Minister*, *I Married Adventure*, *Kitty Foyle*, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The top five on the non-fiction list are *Mein Kampf*, *Inside Europe*, *Testament of Youth*, *How to Read a Book*, and *Country Lawyer*. The teachers whose reading tastes were analyzed are members of an extension class at the college.

Book Review

The Caribbean

Julia Sheehan, '41

The Story of Our Sea of Destiny

THE CARIBBEAN is a fascinating and absorbing chronicle by W. Adolphe Roberts, who is well equipped to be the biographer of the Caribbean. For he spent his childhood in this region, absorbing the atmosphere, becoming intensely interested in the background of this, Our Sea of Destiny. Before writing this book, the author did extensive, exhaustive research work in preparation for writing the biographies of Sir Henry Morgan, master buccaneer, and Raphael Simmes, the Confederate raider. Thus his background is complete to interpret for us this romantic sea which has always been strategic, but never more so then now; and to present a full-length treatment of a geographical and historical and fictional entity so absorbing that we relive the events of the Caribbean, which has played a part in settling our country, and a major part in developing our foreign policy. We look with apprehension to the future as we wonder what would be our fate, should some foreign power gain control of the Caribbean.

From the time that Columbus landed at the Bahama Islands in 1492 to the present when naval and air bases are feverishly being constructed at strategic points, as Mariuana Island, this landlocked, inland sea has been vibrant in shaping the destinies of the two continents to which it is the key. This story, equally appealing to the historian, the geographer and the general public, sweeps through four centuries of discovery, conquest, revolution and development. Through the medium of words come again to life the daring discoveries of the sixteenth century, the proud Conquistadors of Spain, the rollicking buccaneers, and the scourging pirates. The Caribbean offered excellent haven for the outlaws, with its numerous inlets and sheltered bays, and the passage of ships laden with precious metals and other riches plied between Spain and her jewels of the Caribbean. But Spain did not long remain the sole arbitrator of the Caribbean. Fierce trade wars raged between the countries of Europe for dominance in this sea of tropical islands which produced that highly coveted commodity, sugar, and which held the key to the vast, unexplored continent to the south. Finally rivalries reduced to France and England, with Spain playing a minor role. Even as late as 1463 England debated the question of taking Guadeloupe or Canada as spoils of war. Those of us in North America perhaps feel our ego deflated when we realize with what little importance the early comers to the New World

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viewed our vast continent. But once the independent republic of the United States was formed, the Caribbean felt the influence of the "Colossus of the North." Gradually, from 1803, the year of the Louisiana Purchase, to 1917, when the Virgin Islands were bought by the United States, the United States gained foothold in this vital sea.

The author fascinates us with his accounts of the blood-stained settlement of Florida, the founding of Louisiana by pioneers from France; the international struggles for every island on which sugar could be grown; the racial problems complicated by the slave trade, the great achievements and sacrifices such as the building of the Panama Canal, and the conquest of yellow fever. The stage of the Caribbean is studded with stars who strut, each in his turn, for a fleeting instant, tasting the limelight until a newer star assumes the leading role. Here we see Columbus, the Genoese dreamer; Pizarro, who enslaved Peru; romantic Sir Francis Drake; Simon Bolivar, the Liberator, noblest of Spanish Americans; Raphael Simmes, the Confederate raider; and Theodore Roosevelt, wielder of the "Big Stick" and chief artisan of the Caribbean.

Throughout the book, Mr. Roberts stresses the strategic importance of the Caribbean and how that importance has increased with the outbreak of war, especially as it influences the Panama Canal, an "Achilles Heel" to the whole defense program if not carefully guarded. No more succinctly could it be expressed than by the author's closing words: "One thing is certain: the Caribbean is the Mediterranean of the West, and, if the present war reaches the New World, or totalitarianism dominates the Old, the sea's strategic importance will be greater than at any time in the four hundred forty-eight years since the coming of Columbus."



Poetry

THE QUARTERLY is proud to publish its fine collection of poetry by our students, especially because of its appropriateness to the season and the last issue.

As I See It

Eleanor DeMille, '43

The world is upside down to me
Because, as I stand by,
Treetops are where the trunks should be
Instead of in the sky.

My feet are in the air,
My head is down below me;
Dizzily I stare;
My thoughts turn over slowly.

For those who may declare
I have become a fool,
The answer to my tale is
I'm looking in a pool.

• • •

Printemps

Rita Galipeau, '42

Listen!

Hear the hurried voices in the wind
And the flooding sound of water beneath us.

It is Spring!

See the wind
kiss each tender
bud into glowing loveliness;
And each sunset
tint the clouds of
apple blossoms a little deeper.

Every living thing sings, "It is resurrection."

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Potential Violets

Elizabeth DeWitt, '41

Violets beneath the tree
Are lying dead in spring
On either side, the purples
Of other patches sing.

Only a little part is dead
That loved the fallen tree
But all the grace of violets
Is incomplete for me.

Do you suppose the strong earth knows,
Deep where the purple flag is spread,
Deep where the warm sun melts and flows,
A place is dead?

• • •

Need

Elizabeth DeWitt, '41

No star has ever heard
From me, a single word
No single blade of grass
Has ever watched me pass
There is no power in them
To know my voice or face,
But I can call each one by name
And signify its place.
And yet it will not matter
That I have ever been
So long as stars are burning
And grass continues green.

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A Heron Stands . . .

Esther Lipnick, '42

(Inspired by Miss O'Donnell in 19th century Poetry Class.)

On yonder shoals a heron stands,
The heavens as blue as ones before,
And the sea! and the sea
Its wild lament pours forth
And the heron stands once more—

It's all the same! The same, I cry,
The surging sea, the heavens blue,
And the heron stands as once before.
As once before, when light of heart and gay,
I viewed it all that summer day,
And like a breeze from out the west,
It calmed the surging happiness in my breast—

But Time has passed, changes been wrought,
Happiness has not been brought,
And still it's all the same—
On yonder shoals where heron stands

• • •

Good Omens

Mary E. McAuliffe, '43

When . . .
The cheerio of the robin is heard
And the call of every early bird,
Each branch upon the apple tree
Is white with blooming purity,
The modest violet in the nook
Lifts her head for a first look,
Boys and girls happily sing,
. . . it is Spring!

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Ah! Yes, Indeed!

Trudy Hunt, '43

Love? I know not of the word
That falls from many lips
So easily, and falling, lies
A broken-pinioned bird.

Love? Is that the veil
That Passion wears? Is love
The young retriever of old
Memories already stale?

Love? That of which you speak
To me — Is that love?
Why then,— I love you, dear,
Perhaps until — next week.

• • •

Spectator Sports of Spring

Christine Flynn, '43

Bricks abound in countless numbers in almost every city,
Waiting for the builder's call to homes, to schools, to industry.
Kibitzers can foretell bricks' useful destiny
When viewing men, by pile on pile,
Bring forth the massive, compact entities.
Once finished and brick-growth ceased,
Kibitzers turn to other man-made plants;
Eager again to watch the wood, the stone, the steel,
Claim foothold in fresh, open space.

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Simile

Anna Stead, '41

As jagged lightning
Tears the opaque night
And casts a hating world
In unrelenting light,
So a single truth
May clarify our sight.

• • •

Unanswerables

Anna Stead, '41

Is the soul of man
The epitome of God?
Is God the guiding Being
Of cosmic space and sod?
And was sod the goal of man
When the infinite began?



Top row, left to right:
The school's favorite auto-
mobile.

Sophomores using a study
period to best advan-
tage.

May Queen, Mary Murphy.

Bottom row, left to right:
Correct Gun Sighting.
The hair-tearing scene
from the Junior skit.
Heil, heel!





W. S. T. C.

We're Saying On This Campus

On the eve of graduation, Judy Sheehan was recalling the olden days when she was at a much lower level in the educational plane, and had not yet learned what every student must learn in four years of college — how to say nothing in a great many words when she does not know the right answer. Judy's formula was simple; when she didn't know the answer, she left a blank space. "The trouble with you, Miss Sheehan," remonstrated one of her teachers, "is that you've never learned to bluff."

* * *

Ruth Malley's hobby is long fingernails and she delights in showing her friends the results of several months' growth. Everyone knew she was at a disadvantage in baseball, basketball, volleyball, and even in

typing, but Pat recently discovered a new drawback. Every time she tries to dial in a pay station, a nail breaks unless she draws it out very quickly as the dial returns to place. To date, Pat has lost several nickels, and is seriously considering a new hobby.

* * *

Mary O'Neil was in the hospital with pneumonia, and the Juniors wore a path from College to St. Vincent's Hospital, thinking to cheer her up as she lay in bed, weak and lonely, after her long siege of illness and her midnight trip to the hospital in the ambulance. What was the surprise of two of her classmates to find, when they arrived, that Mary was so busy entertaining visitors that she had no time to convalesce, and even had a few guests sitting on the balcony outside her

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window looking in. This is to inform her friends and relatives that if Mary is ever sick again, it would be a good idea to make reservations before going to see her, or you might have to stand in line for a peek.

* * *

The way in which the feminine mind works was shown in Dr. Averill's Educational Psychology class, during a period in which types of educational measurement were being discussed. Dr. Averill was reading a list of words, and his subjects were giving the opposites as quickly as they could. All went well until the examiner pronounced the word "thin." Without hesitation the class responded, "Fat." It occurred to very few that "thick" is really the opposite.

In connection with those same vocabulary tests, the students were computing their average vocabularies by writing definitions of selected words to show that they held clear conceptions of them; however, they found a slight flaw in the examination. We all have vivid conceptions of a puddle, but can anyone give a clear definition of one?

* * *

After the Glee Club Concert, six young ladies in full evening dress went out for ice-cream. Such an unescorted, formally dressed group naturally roused considerable curi-

osity, but the girls gave no clue as to the reason for their attire. Finally a curious young man could no longer contain himself, and, approaching the S.T.C. table, he asked the cause.

"We went to a dance stag" one of the group assured him seriously, "and there was no one to dance with, so we left." The inquirer surveyed the girls in amazement. "Why doesn't someone take me there?" he demanded.

* * *

As usual, the Senior Carnival was one of the most successful social events of the season, for we not only enjoyed the carnival itself, but the hours put into rehearsing the skits. The Junior skit involved the use of five folding cots on the stage, and how those cots could fold! They collapsed every time the members of the cast sat on them, much to the dismay of the person sitting on the cot and of the rest of the group. On the great night, the weakest one was bolstered up with an orange crate, but the actors still trembled. Just before the curtain went up, Augusta Copper had an inspiration. "Psst!" she hissed. "If a cot goes down, yell 'Sabotage!'" This suggestion proved so popular that as the play progressed, everyone waited anxiously for the legs to give way—and for the first time, the cots bore up so bravely that even a deliberate attempt to knock one over failed.

Barb
S. Mary St.
Oxford.
n. Oxford

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The problem of rent determination was giving Dr. Farnsworth's Economics class considerable difficulty, and Dr. Farnsworth was patiently explaining the theory of marginal productivity and its relation to rent for the twelfth time.

Seeing the worried expressions on the faces of his students, he hastened to reassure them. "I know this is a difficult concept to grasp," he said, "but we'll keep explaining it until you get it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Betty Smith in an anxious voice. "I didn't know the College had summer school."

* * *

Mary Cashen has been knitting a sweater for British war relief, and though she has been working hard and steadily, she seems to have quite a bit left to do. Mr. Osborne was watching the sweater's progress with considerable interest, but something seemed to be bothering him. Finally he inquired, "Miss Cashen, is this sweater for this war or for the next?"

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Those who attended the New York Conference will never forget those five glamorous days, when they absorbed much of the best that New York had to offer—or at least, as much as could possibly be crowded into such a short period. Fifty

years from now they will still be heard telling their grandchildren about the days when they stayed at the Commodore with Wendell Willkie and Boris Karloff. A record of eighteen hours of sleep during the whole conference was established by the Kappa Delta Pi delegates, who decided that sleep under such conditions was merely a waste of time; cosmopolitan young ladies as they are, they spent the time from 2 to 3 a.m. of the last night eating ice-cream sodas in Grand Central Station, and drinking in atmosphere to carry about with them for future consumption.

Incidentally, we think that Viola Siok ought to get some kind of medal from R.C.A., for when the girls took the radio tour, she was the only member of a large party of sightseers who could answer the stock questions asked by the guide. Viola's keen powers of observation so overwhelmed the young man, who obviously was accustomed to revealing the replies himself, that he accused our heroine of having taken the tour before!

And in reply to those citizens who think S.T.C. girls are too dignified, may we point to a certain delegate who was caught throwing little paper airplanes out of the window on the sixteenth floor to 42nd Street to see where they would land?



